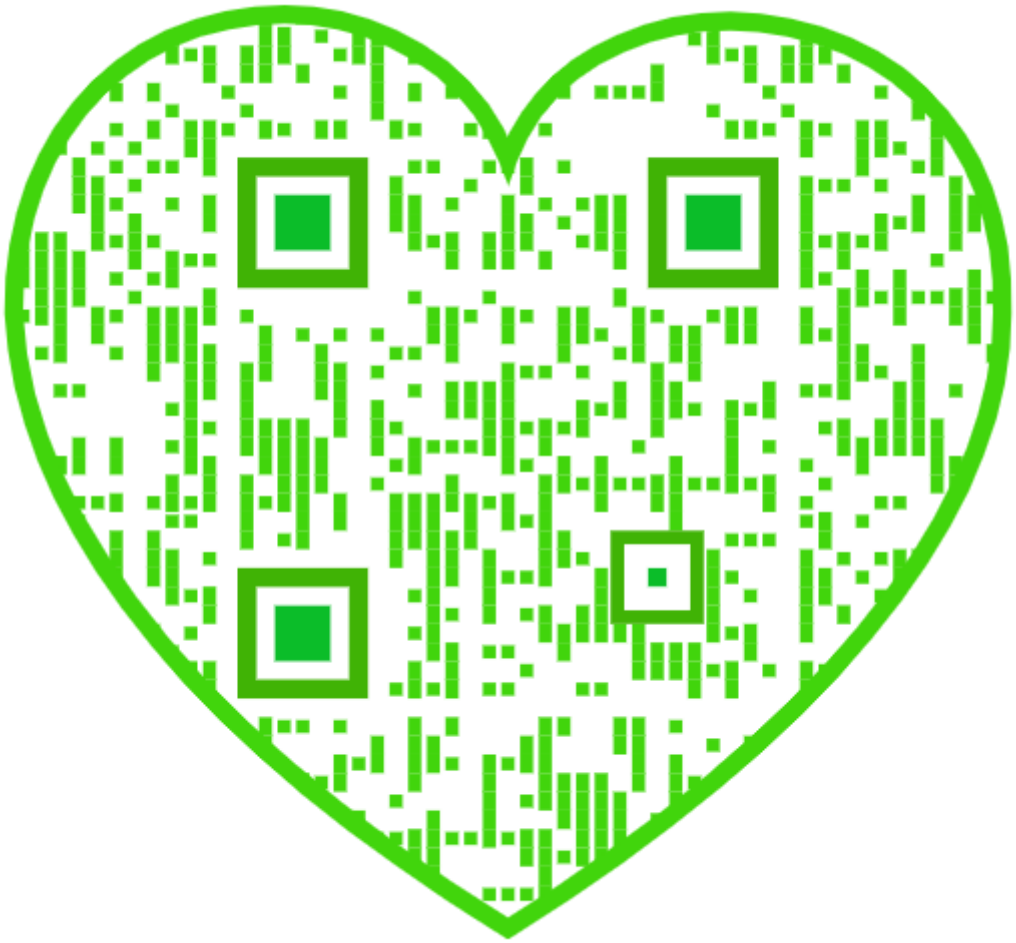
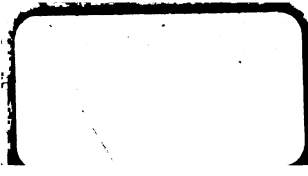
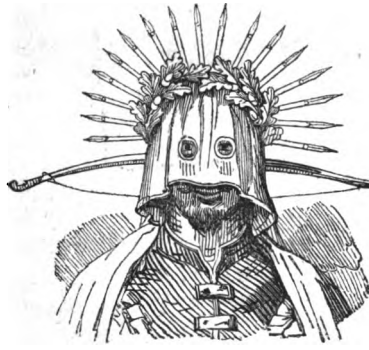
Archery and archness

Robin Hood





ARCHERY AND ARCHNESS.



BY

ROBIN HOOD,

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DEDICATION WITHOUT FULSOMENESS.

TO

LEIGH HUNT, ESQ.
THOMAS CAMPBELL, ESQ.
J. GWILT, ESQ.
GEORGE ROBINS, ESQ.
J. W. ORD, ESQ.
JAMES SMITH, ESQ.

TO

THE PRESIDENT AND MEMBERS OF THE
ROYAL ACADEMY;

AND TO THE

Οι Πολλοι OF LESSER NOTE:

THIS LITTLE VOLUME IS VERY FREELY

DEDICATED

BY

ROBIN HOOD.

PREFACE.

WITHOUT Preface of some kind or other, it is hardly allowable for a book to show its own face to the world; at any rate, it cannot very well expect to be countenanced by the public. Many readers, indeed, make a point of skipping over such matter altogether; wherein they act unadvisedly, because many writers put more pith into the pages so appropriated, than into any other part of their book. Let them therefore read my Preface or not, I have taken care that it shall at all events be *Red*. Some authors there are, who avail themselves of their prefaces in order to hitch in odd particulars about themselves. Now I have not the vanity to suppose the public will care a jot to know anything about me;—therefore, all I shall divulge in regard to myself is, that I was born under the sign ♐ (*Sagittarius*), which I think proper thus explicitly to state, lest evil-minded persons should give it out that I was certainly born under that of

nonsense; while others will say, that your nonsense predominates by far too much over the ingredients with which you have endeavoured to spice it. Your note on fat, for instance, may be considered by such readers a piece of absolute fatuity. One thing alone is certain: publish, and you will then ascertain whether it would have been more judicious not to have published at all; and I shall know—what, I confess to you, I do not at present—whether I ought to say,

Parce, precor, *Robin*, et tu depone SAGITTAS."

Like most other mortals, I am tolerably docile, and patient of advice, when it accords with my own wishes—not to say my own previous determination. Here therefore I am, as the reader now finds, attired in a suit of motley, with a fool's cap upon—I leave others to add, a mere fool's skull; warning them, however, that my quiver is not yet exhausted: therefore, a little civility may save some of them from quivering by-and-by

Here I might lay down my patent Perryan pen, did I not chance to recollect that I may as well anticipate a remark, that might else be made: wherefore have I not garnished my book with those embellishments which are now so much in vogue, and which my title-page may lead many to expect? The truth is, that, with that solitary exception, I have not cared to be indebted to woodcuts. My Cuts are all executed by my own pen; and, if they are thought neither sufficiently keen nor sufficiently numerous, I must endeavour to be less merciful in future than I have shewn myself on the present occasion. If, moreover, cuts of that very luminous description are not sufficient to illustrate my book, I can only say, that book, readers, and author, ought all of them to continue in the dark.

As for the Critics, all I entreat of them is, that they will not, on my account, forget the Blue-and-Brimstone's laudable epigraph: *Judex damnatur cum nocens* (*no sense*) *absolvitur.*

ARCHERY AND ARCHNESS.

INVOCATION TO PUFF.

"*Aura Veni.*"—Ovid.

O! come, Miss Puff, if thee I so may call;
For some folks think thou'rt not amiss at all.
Ah! be not deafer
To my prayer, than Zephyr:
(I'm sure thou'rt more congenial to my soul.)
Expand my sail, drive on my little bark,
Else—hark! hark! hark!
My little bark shall change to a great growl,
If not a howl.

Puff, don't be tart: O! pray, be sweet—
To treat me well, I thee entreat.

Come, don't be cross, and I'll repay in
kind.
Who knows but I myself may yet be wined
When I reach port, instead of porter,
Whose tail I'm anxious to cut shorter.
Lend me thy breath; regale me with a gale:
Expand my sail—that is, extend the sale
Of this my book.
Vouchsafe some favouring breezes to bestow:
But, prithee, look,
Take care you do not blow—
I mean, don't blow me up, for I don't like
That kind of blowing, nor the blows which
strike.
So, mind what thou'rt about—
If I must have a blow, oh be 't a good blow-
out!

And when my vessel—that 's my tankard 's,
made
Of plate instead of pewter,
Which latter does not suit thy suitor,—
I'll give thee not a mere puff, but a good
draught, thou jade!

Puff, be propitious, and to thee I'll rear
A temple—not on its hind legs, howe'er—
Upon that spot which is to thee most dear,
That most delightful bit of dry land—
Thou need'st not ask me where:
For where, pray, should it be, if not on
PUFFIN ISLAND?

A LESSON IN THE ART OF REVIEWING.

The Task. A Poem. By William Cowper, Esq.

THE propriety of the title the author has thought fit to bestow on this extraordinary farrago cannot be disputed, for we have really found it a Task, and that a most grievous one, to wade through his production. Were it possible for us to suspect Mr. William Cowper of harbouring any wit, we should imagine that he meant it as a practical joke; yet, as we must acquit him of ever indulging in levity of any kind, we suppose that some friend, on whom he had inflicted the perusal of his manuscript, revenged himself by a very malicious, yet not unpardonable pleasantry, and suggested the adoption of a name about as inviting as the inscription of "Mantraps and spring-guns on these premises:" or, as that other inscription, which the Tuscan bard beheld written over the portal of that nether abode which has so many namesakes in the purlieus of St. James's!

To style the work a Poem, is, on the other hand, an egregious misnomer, since nothing can be more prosaic than his versification—more prosy than his matter. Greatly should we have preferred blank leaves *à la Sterne* to such blank verse as Mr. Cowper's. His leaves are quite autumnal ones, sere and dry,—quite yellow, and jaundiced withal; for, except where he expatiates most egotistically on his own pretty namby-pamby amusements, he looks at every thing through the foggy medium of his own spleen.

Truly can we affirm, that nothing but a sense of our positive duty as reviewers could have prevailed upon us to wade through Mr. Cowper's *soi-disant* poetry. Here, we fear, we have fallen into that figure of speech vulgarly termed a "bull," because it is not usual for people to "wade" except through water; and this poem is the driest stuff imaginable, or, at the best, if there be any moisture in it, it is mere milk-and-water, of which we must admit there is no lack. The author himself must assuredly be a milksop of the very first

water. Only imagine a country gentleman occupying himself with such innocent recreations as feeding tame hares and manufacturing bird-cages, or else, reading his own soporific composition to a set of tabbies around a tea-table! Why, the veriest cockney, even were he a man-milliner, would far better understand how to enjoy the country! Hardly can we help, after this, picturing to ourselves Mr. William Cowper being modelled after one of those nice chinaware shepherds, who, attired in smart pea-green coats and pink breeches, were wont to impart such a pastoral air to the chimney-pieces of our great-grandmothers. He might cut a very tolerable figure among poetical Damons and Strephons, and their little lambkins, but would cut a most ridiculous one among English country gentlemen, either of this or any other day.

However, we do not quarrel with Mr. Cowper for his personal tastes, be they ever so squeamish and namby-pambyish. Yet, although he has leave from us to indulge in his pastoralities to the very bent of his humour,

we must protest against his impertinent Quixotism, which leads him to run a muck against the amusements and pursuits of all the rest of the world. Notwithstanding his demureness and meekness, Mr. Cowper can rail, it seems, at his neighbours in good set terms, and for a good hour together by the Shrewsbury clock. He is one of those prim persons who would have the whole world as flat and as trimly shaven as a bowling-green. Mr. Owen's parallelograms would be hardly formal and simple enough for him. Nay, he would doubtless object to Sir Andrew Agnew's Bill as being too latitudinarian in principle, — not sufficiently strict for practical purposes.

Unfortunately for Mr. Cowper's scheme of moral reform, the birdcage-making and tea-drinking system is not to every one's taste. He might have made an excellent companion for Simon Stylites, who, climbing up out of this naughty world, passed his days upon the top of a column; or he would be a very fit associate for the mummy in the British Mu-

seum; but he will find it difficult to convince other people that they ought to convert themselves either into statues for the tops of columns, or into occupiers of mummy-cases.

The times, we apprehend, are particularly unfavorable for such very puritanical gentlemen as our *poet*. The spirit of the age is against him; and against that he can effect nothing. Consequently, all his tirades are no more than empty vapouring, and a gratuitous display of narrow-mindedness, illiberality, and uncharitableness. In all that does not square exactly with his own exceedingly precise notions, he sees positive harm. Against those amiable foibles and weaknesses, those interesting frailties, which are perfectly compatible with modern honour and respectability, he inveighs as though they were so many mortal sins; and against those harmless and amusing follies which serve to enliven the everyday dulness of mortal existence, this saturnine, misanthropical declaimer hurls the heaviest artillery of his rumbling and tedious verse

Shakspeare has said that "all the world's a stage;" and an eminent living writer has labored hard to shew that it is one on which little else is performed than broad farce and harlequinades; but our very sanctimonious poet would tolerate no other entertainment than *comédie larmoyante*. Apophthegms and sententious maxims would be the utmost levities in which he would indulge. He would even cheat us out of tragedy; for killing and murder would be too exciting for his phlegmatic taste. He seems to be as little pleased with the storms as with the sunshine of life. A personified November fog himself, he would fairly enshroud us all in a delectable atmosphere of the same kind. What a lugubrious, dull, and gloomy world this would be, forsooth, were the regulating its movements confided to such persons as Mr. William Cowper! Why, the sea itself would become stagnant—a mere accumulation of ditch-water, within a week! If he cannot claim the reward for discovering the perpetual motion, he would be entitled to one for finding out per-

petual stagnation. Novelists, playwrights, and newspaper editors, might all exclaim, with *Othello*, "our occupation's gone;" and they themselves would be reduced to the alternative of occupying either the workhouse, or the bottom of the Thames.

Happily, Mr. Cowper's scheme is altogether so visionary, that it will never be adopted, save either in Utopia, or in the Moon; we need therefore be under no apprehensions from it.

We cannot, however, dismiss the subject without briefly instancing the liberality and charity of our exceedingly meek poet. Among others whom he has thought fit to take to *task* very rudely, he sneers—not at the humdrums who preach long-winded sermons, but at those ornaments of their cloth, fashionable preachers and dandy clergymen, whom he terms

> "The things that mount the rostrum with a skip,
> And then skip down again."

And this, be it remarked, *en passant*, is what Mr. Cowper fancies to be, at least tries to pass off, as poetry. Why, the style is like

that of a primer, or a lesson out of Mrs. Teachwell's "Monosyllables!"

Military dandies do not fare much better with him than do the dandies of the church militant; and he lashes the gentlemen of the turf as if they had no more feeling than their own race-horses. Nevertheless, he pretends to be a person of such sensibility, that he would not enter on his list of friends

> "the man
> Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm."

And are human vermin, then, such mere stocks and stones, that our *amiable* bard may trample upon them with his heavy and clumsy satire?

For the *unfortunate* of his own species this tender-hearted poet has no compassion: towards them he is a perfect stoic. To a married lady who has a fashionable *liaison* he does not scruple to apply the grossly indelicate and now obsolete term of adultress.

"The adultress! What a theme for angry verse!"—

exclaims our modest would-be Juvenal:—can anything be more shockingly ungenteel and unpolite? A little further on, he takes an opportunity of inveighing against modern liberality, sneeringly observing,

"But now—yes, now,
We are become so candid and so fair,
So liberal in construction, and so rich
In Christian charity (good-natured age!),
That they are safe, sinners of either sex,
Transgress what laws they may. Well-dress'd, well-bred,
Well-equipaged, is ticket good enough
To pass us readily through every door."

To be sure it is; and wherefore not? Would this notable reformer of our morals have people put their acquaintance upon the same footing as their servants, and admit none into their houses without "an excellent character from their last place?" Are quarantines to be established — are bills of health to be produced, before a visit can be paid or received? Why the Inquisition itself would be freedom compared with the system the liberal Mr. Cowper would enforce.

Of the latitude which this precise and very strait-laced gentleman allows himself in the choice of words and expressions, we have already given a pretty bold specimen, yet that is decent in comparison with some we could produce. It is truly painful to be obliged to notice such offences; nor could anything, except a sense of moral duty, and of giving warning to our readers, by timely exposing this scribbler's gross impurity, induce us to touch upon so revolting a topic. Would that we had, on this occasion, the pen of Lichtenberg, who has so ingeniously and humorously commented in perfectly chaste language upon a certain unmentionable piece of furniture—the same on which Blumauer composed an ode that is quite a poetical *oddity*. Since we have not, we must manage as well as we can, and therefore say at once, that Mr. William Cowper, in a most barefaced and shameless manner, calls by its vulgar appellation that part of the male attire which is never named except by some trope or circumbendibus of language.

Scarcely could we trust our eyes when, in the very exordium of his delectable poem, we met with the following words:

"As yet black *breeches* were not."!!!!

Most assuredly neither "unmentionables," nor "indescribables," would have suited the rhythm; but then he might have adopted either "small clothes," or "dittos;" or, had there been no alternative, he had better have violated prosody than outraged modesty. But no, it was, after all, positive choice on his part—a choice dictated by the coarsest and most depraved taste.

We have said nothing of the plan of the work, and for one especial reason—because we have not been able to discover any—not even the semblance of one. Mr. Cowper tells, therefore, a very great bouncer, in his very first line, when he says—"I sing the Sofa." He does no such thing: he might, for the matter of that, have said, with equal propriety, "I sing black b——s," which, as we have seen, are made to cut a more conspicuous

than decent figure in his book. This must be a very active sofa, and greatly addicted to rambling, for it carries its master up and down everywhere; or rather, it is but a mere wooden peg, of which he has made use to hang up for public gaze all his crotchets and whimsies. He heaps digression upon digression in the wildest manner imaginable. Even Tristram Shandy is a model of a regularly constructed narrative compared with his poem. He is perpetually darting off in a tangent, more oddly than the author of *Il Cicerone*, from which Sterne is said to have borrowed the idea of his work. His digressions, moreover, are all pettish, waspish, snappish,—are blue-devilled, red-hot, yellow-jaundiced, black-galled, and white-livered tirades against innocent persons and things, at whom he rails so unmercifully, that he himself ought to be impaled, or emblazoned *party per pale, quarterly*, as the heralds say, by being quartered—but not quartered upon us, or our book-shelves. Never have we yet, during the whole course of our career as

reviewers, encountered such a tissue of rhapsodical cant, pharasaical uncharitableness, shocking illiberality, and ungenteel coarseness of language; and never, we trust, shall we again have to encounter anything similar. Mr. Cowper is assuredly not a milch cow, for he has nothing of the milk of human-kindness in his composition; or, if he ever had, it all turned sour long ago. Neither do we think that he will prove a milch-cow to his publisher.

THE SNIPS' PROTEST.

ADDRESSED TO LEIGH HUNT.

"As long as a man wears the modern coat, he has no right to despise any dress. What a thing it is! It is an article as costly as it is ugly, and as ugly as it is useless. It is only the old or the frock-coat mounted with a *horse-collar*, and left with a ridiculous *tail*. The waistcoat, or vest elongated, might supersede it."—*Leigh Hunt's London Journal, No.* 18.

So! you, Mister Leigh Hunt,
Must think fit to affront
Us poor Snips, and to put us all into a passion,
By treating our skill
Most shamefully ill,
And railing at our nice coat-cutting fashion.

Yet 'tis we who give shape
Both to coat and to cape—
Our capes far excel your poetical bays;
And besides coats and frocks,
We also make *rocks**— [days.
Tho' you had a rock too much one of these

* Rock, in German, signifies a coat.

No, Mister Leigh Hunt-o,
Since you have begun to
Quiz us, we'll show you we will not so *be* hunted,
Nor be so disgrac'd,
For chas'd or unchaste,
Hang us, if we ever submit to be *Leigh-Hunted.*

So we measures will take
That shortly shall make
You bridle your saucy and impudent tongue.
Go, prate 'bout "green trees,"—
If you choose, 'bout green cheese,
And find out which has most on't, the old moon or young.

We'll soon hem you in,
If you come here to grin,
And without any seaming your jacket we'll baste;
Mere seeming won't do,
'Tshall be real and true:
And, since finery you like, it shall smartly be lac'd.

Tho' sewers we're styled,
Yet we won't be defiled
By the dirt you fling at us from your saucy jaw.
Yet sewers you'll find us,
Because—prithee, mind us—
We'll sew up your foul mouth by suing at law.

If collars don't suit you,
Then wherefore, you brute, you,
Do you by your jeering our choler excite?
The cholera itself,
You slanderous elf,
Is but a mere trifle compar'd with your spite.

Faith, 'tis very true,
"Horse-collars" won't do
For asses:—go, fellow, and that joke di-*jest;*
With dog's-collar, you hound,
Should your neck be tied round,
Or a collar of hemp would for you be the best.

Else, as you don't approve
Of collars, by Jove,
You shall have no collar, but merely a ruff—

Rough usage, we mean;
Should not that cure your spleen,
We will give you, my sweet sir, far more than one cuff.

Should you still at us squirt,
We will *ruffle* your shirt;
And not that alone, but your temper so meek;
We'll make you so smart
In every part,
That you'll leave off braying, and cry out squeak! squeak!

Twist you want not, that's plain,
There 's a twist* in your brain,
That fits you for preaching to none but old women;
But you do want, 'tis clear,
What you'll catch, if you come here,
And that, sirrah, will be a mortal good *trimming*.

* There seems also to be a twist in Mr. Leigh Hunt's optics, for in one of the numbers of his *Tatler* he spoke of the "*twisted* columns" of the Colosseum, in the Regent's Park.

So no more abuse,
Or we 'll make our goose
Hiss at you—aye, it shall be quite hissing hot.
Wrap yourself in a cloak,
And hide in it, look,
Or we'll rap your hide well, you scurrilous sot.

Stocks too you must choose
To condemn and abuse,
As being for the neck a fashion unmeet;
And there you are right
For once in your spite,
Because varlets like you wear the stocks round their feet.

Your Worship makes merry
With our coat-tails—yes, very—
Treats us worse than the worst of our other ass-ailers;
Yet if tails we don't put
To the coats which we cut,
How the deuse, stupid booby, should we Snips be tailers?*

* "Tailor, *quasi* Tailer, *i. e.* one who maketh tails." See "Etymology rendered intelligible to the Lowest

Modern hats, too, you hate;
And 'tis certain your pate
Deserveth a covering that by far excels
Of poor beaver a scrap;
So you shall have a cap, [bells.
But it shall be a fool's cap well garnish'd with

Since you fancy a vest
With long sleeves is the best
Of all dresses, and the most becoming,
For once we will try
If we can't satisfy [mumming.
Your queer taste for quaint dressing and

Capacity," last edition. It is to be regretted that Mr. Leigh Hunt did not animadvert upon the extravagant absurdity of those enormous literary tails which some gentlemen are so fond of dragging, trailing after their names. Many of them strut about as fine as peacocks with their large tails, and, like that bird, their chief merit lies in such appendage or excrescence. The two "Beauties" are very much addicted to peacocking it after a ridiculous fashion; yet they must yield to Dr. Granville, whose tail rivals that of a comet. The doctor might very well pass for a genuine specimen of the *homo caudatus* of my Lord Monboddo.

So a waistcoat we'll make
Just express for your sake,
Altho' you do snap at and bait one;
You sha'n't say 'tis crooked,
Nor padded, nor poked,
For zounds! we will make you a STRAIT one.

Besides which, a *surtout*
Is also your due:
You shall have it, in spite of your squalling—
One so strong and so rare,
It will cause you to stare,
For 't shall be a complete OVER-HAULING!

[SUPPLEMENTARY NOTE.]

Having let the Knights of the Needle and Thimble endeavour to redress themselves, by giving Mr. Leigh Hunt a dressing after their own fashion, we may now, by way of after-piece, examine one or two points in that gentleman's tirade against our present male costume. Without pretending to affirm that it is susceptible of no improvement, it may be allowed to display the natural form suffici-

ently, and to exhibit quite as much of good sense and propriety as did the attire of any former period. Could some of Vandyke's fine gentlemen step forth from their frames, they would not cut the most respectable figure imaginable, but rather would be taken for showmen and merryandrews; while a beau, *temp. Geo. Secund.* or *Tert.*, would bear too great a resemblance to one of my Lord Mayor's state-footmen.

As to "the exquisitely absurd pair of buttons at the back" of the coat, they are not a whit more ridiculous or impertinent than a hundred other things whose propriety or becomingness is never called in question. Take for instance those indispensable articles of a lady's finery, her earrings; are they not a most laughably preposterous invention? To utility of any kind they have not the slightest pretension; and, had Nature intended that such an appendage should be fixed to the female ear, she would have bestowed the excrescence of her own accord, or, at least, have sent women into the world with their ears ready bored

Mr. Leigh Hunt is a great stickler for the cloak, which he terms "the only handsome over-all:" and much indeed may be said in its favour, for it serves to conceal either slovenliness or deformity. Such over-all, therefore, seems *above* all other garments to be one of those contrivances which he himself denounces, and to have been most cunningly devised by some unsightly creature desirous of reducing his better-shaped friends to his own level—although "level" is a very solecistical term, because, however plain his face might be, he had probably too much of mountain-and-vale picturesqueness in the rest of his composition. Still it must be allowed that Hunt shows some judgment in the preference he assigns to the cloak, because it cannot be otherwise than graceful when it is *attached to* a—HOOD.

Instead then of a "great-coat,"—which he treats very contemptuously, let Mr. Leigh Hunt wrap himself up in a great cloak—yea, let him bury himself in *Cloaca Maxima.*

DIFFERENCES BETWEEN FRIENDS.

Dick 's very fat; Tom, tho' quite thick
With him, is very thin;
So always there some difference is
These loving friends between.

Dick also is quite weather-beaten;
While Tommy—odd's my life!
Altho' quite wither'd, 's beaten only
By Mrs. Snub, his wife.

At such sport there's no dame beats her;
For tho' her bloom's long past,
She's in full blow still every day,
And sometimes sounds a blast.

Tho' very pursy Dick, his purse
Of cash runs very short;
While Tommy's phiz, it is so long,
Few people would long for 't.

Dick's talk is full of humour quaint,
And oft he wets each eye;
While Tommy, tho' he thirst has none,
Is always very dry.

Poor Tom, I've shown, 's tied to a wife,
Of whom 'tis no abuse
To say she curbs him very tight,
Yet her own tongue lets loose.

Dick, *au contraire*, has no such mate
To help him into trouble,
For still a single man is he,
Altho' his chin is double.

Dick is indeed no Benedick,
Tho' he is Dick most bonny,
'Cause cash or no cash, ne'er cares he
T' have any matri-mony.

Some say he was once cross'd in love,
Nor could it ever fancy
Afterwards, and so took up
With Nantz instead of Nancy.

Dick laughs at love, and terms it fudge,
  Sometimes almost a curse;
While Tom protests that wedlock is
  Than love itself much worse.

So Dick aye laughs and merry is,
  While—what need not surprise—
Poor Tommy, tho' so spare and thin,
  'S a man of no small sighs.

CRITICAL SCENES.

NOTE BY WAY OF OVERTURE.

[THE squabble between Mr. Wilkins, the architect, and his critics, will hardly have escaped from the recollection of my readers; at any rate, those whom he offended are not likely to have forgotten, much less to have forgiven him—especially his *vanity*, for presuming to appear so exceedingly well satisfied with his own portico of the London University. This his censors certainly agreed in condemning, yet differed widely as to the faults of that piece of architecture; for, while one gentleman compared the columns to "ten Cyprians," Mr. Gwilt said they were a mere row of Dutch skittles. Others again charged Mr. Wilkins with having committed the absurdity of putting his staircase outside of the building, and censured the flights of steps leading up to the portico as being extremely inconvenient to "aged and infirm persons!" The "John Bull," on the other hand, abused

both the unfortunate architect and his building, for no other reason than because it was erected in "Stinkomalee;" an elegant appellation of its own invention, allusive to the former fragrancy, or supposed fragrancy, of the site, when it was a piece of waste ground. The other remarks are given as they were actually made, the negative criticism of Mr. Elmes included.]

ACT I.

View of the London University in the background.

FIRST CRITIC.

So, this is the portico 'bout which cock-crows
Master Wilkins, protesting each mortal bestows
Commendation upon it! 'Tis not worth a pin!
There's a finer by far, faith, at Furnival's Inn:
The columns are taller—in loftier style,
And, compared with that, this is pimping and vile!

SECOND CRITIC.

It is so, indeed; besides, the man's *vanity** Is such as to make us forget our urbanity. He is so conceited and so overbearing, 'Tis with much ado that I can keep from swearing. Of coxcombs he surely is the very oddest I Ever have met with. Not an atom of modesty

* Although he has been severely taken to task on that account, Mr. Wilkins is not the only architect who entertains a most excellent opinion of his own productions: Sir John Soane is quite a match for him. Speaking of the New Law Courts at Westminster, built by himself, the Knight says: "When the buildings in the front of the Court of King's Bench are restored to the state they were in at the time of the appointment of the Select Committee, and finished according to the original plan, &c. the public will no longer hear the taste and convenience of these works reprobated; and the architect will be proud to have it engraved on his tomb—HERE LIES THE MAN WHO DESIGNED AND DIRECTED THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE NEW LAW COURTS AT WESTMINSTER." !!!—*Memoirs of the Professional Life of an Architect. London*, 1834.

Has he; but boasts so, and brags so, and vapours,
It quite shocks modest folks who write for the newspapers.

THIRD CRITIC.

He, modesty!—No, faith, you well may say that;
For, pray, only look, and see what he's been at:
He has put up ten "CYPRIANS"—too bad 'tis, I vow,
And wonder how folks could such doings allow.
A mighty fine lesson he teaches, forsooth,
Such vermin to place in a college for youth!

GWILT.

Ten "Cyprians!"—You noodle!—Why, I see none such:
I see only ten NINEPINS, and they are all *Dutch.*
(Aside.) Egad! Master Wilkins, there's for you a touch!

Aye, may I never taste again one bit of *vittles*,
If so they be not most assuredly SKITTLES!
Yes, they really are skittles, or my name's not Gwilt:
Such things before certainly never were built.
I'faith, skittles they are, that's if I am not drunk,
And the difference can tell 'twixt a skittle and punk.

JOHN BULL.

For my part, my friends, I don't know what you see;
All I know 's what I *smell*—and that's STINKOMALEE.
So if there be no sense in the thing, you'll agree
There's a pretty strong *scent* here—an odour, at least,
So odious, it would almost stifle a beast.
If no other taste, then, they've got in their dwelling,
It is plain they've a pretty strong *gusto* for smelling.

Excuse my thus freely expressing my mind,
But you know that *my* taste is extremely refined.

CHORUS OF OLD WOMEN.

The devil take Wilkins, and all his fine airs!
Pray, how are we old ones to hobble up-stairs!
The man, sure, must be a prodigious great fool,
To suppose we old creatures can clamber to school.
What, a plague! made the fellow turn things inside out,
And his staircase abroad put? Confound such a lout!

ACT II.

GWILT.

Go, look at St. Martin's: that's classic indeed!
Compar'd with that flower, we've here but a weed.

There's harmony, grandeur, and grace, and proportion,
While here we behold a most monstrous abortion.
Talk of the Greeks forsooth!—sheer fudge and fibs!
Why the Greeks ne'er did any thing like Jemmy Gibbs.
Instead of their stiffness, and straightness, and starchness,
St. Martin's exhibits a good deal of *archness*
In doors and in windows; and as for the spire,
That is so sharp and keen, that you can't but admire.
To point out one by one all its beauties would tire.
Withinside 'tis so *fine* too—so like a twelfth-cake,
That your mouths, sirs, to water 'tis likely to make;
And, lastly, *above* all the rest, my good people,
Behold what a noble and wonderful steeple!

JERDAN.

Now you talk of the steeple, Friend Gwilt, it is plain,
We should clap Wilkins on it—he'll serve for the *vain*.

GWILT.

Ah! you're a wit, Jerdan; and 'tis clear enough,
That you would soon be *winn'd* to give poor Vain a puff. [*Exit* JERDAN.
So-ho! now friend Jerdan's gone off in a huff!
—But come, Mister Elmes, you're a critic and judge,
So let's have your opinion, my boy, without fudge.
What do you think of Wilkins's portico, friend?

ELMES.

You do me great honour: indeed I have penn'd
Some things that the public would surely enlighten,
(If they would but read,) and their intellects brighten.

I made up a huge book all about little Wren,
To prove he was one of the greatest of men.

GWILT.

(*Aside.*) What a proser it is!—Well, that we all know:
You fairly en-*tome*d him. Come, don't be so slow.

ELMES.

Why, then, if I must speak my mind on the matter,
I think I should say,—if myself I don't flatter— [study
I know something of it, because so much
I've given it, it can no longer be muddy;
And therefore, good folks, I can truly protest,
That Wilkins's portico—*faces the West!*

CHORUS OF OLD WOMEN.

Right capital, that! You've determin'd the point,
That certainly puts Wilkins' nose out of joint.
This 'tis to be *learned*, and write great big books [cooks.
For the use of those ignorant grocers and

Ah! you are the man, Master Elmes, for a jest:
So, the portico *makes faces up* at the West!
We never before heard so clever a joke:
O lud! how it will that chap Wilkins provoke!
It serves him just right: he a blundering blade is,
Who does not know how to make stairs for old ladies!
Ah! there's not, we are sure, in his Majesty's realms
A wag or a critic who is equal to Elmes!

NOTE BY WAY OF FINGER-POST.

[☞ It is strange that those very short-sighted gentry, whose microscopical hypercriticism enabled them to detect so many solecisms, blunders, and errors, both in Mr. Wilkins's Portico at the University, and in his Design for the National Gallery, cannot perceive the very tremendous solecism he is now actually committing, and for which he deserves not the slightest mercy from criticism.

This is not the place for sober architectual disquisition, else could we, Robin Hood, say,

"Pallas, te hoc vulnere, Pallas;"

and pierce Mr. W. with an arrow from our quiver of very different mettle from the clumsy missiles hitherto hurled at him.—*N'importe!* others have eyes as well as ourselves; so let them, if they can see an inch beyond their own noses, have the pleasure of making the discovery for themselves.]

STANZAS

TO THOMAS CAMPBELL ESQ.

'Twas not long ago,
Mr. Campbell, you know,
You utter'd a strange '*Benediction*'*
On children, for squalling,
And crying, and bawling,
In terms too severe e'en for fiction.

'Twas quite 'fiendish,' *Tat* said,
And did you upbraid,

* His "Benediction on Children,"—a singular production, it must be owned, for the Bard of Hope—drew down upon Mr. Campbell, from the "Tatler," and others, sundry epithets and remarks by no means very complimentary. He was accused of having displayed the most "brutal" and "fiendish" feelings, expressed in the most revolting manner! Had poor Mr. Campbell been a veritable Ogre, snapping up little children and "pretty darlings," instead of snapping at them, he could not have been denounced more gravely, or in language indicating greater horror.

For abusing such cries and such calls, cruel
wretch?
You might think it a frolic,
But 'twas diabolic,
And quite silly—'cause children's *cawls** money will fetch.

Go, read the 'Quarterly,'
And see how slaughterly
Your 'Siddons's Life'† it cuts up like a calf.
And if you do not cry
In your own turn now,—why,
Very certain we all are that you do not laugh.

* It is not particularly flattering to this nineteenth century, and age of intellect, to meet with newspaper advertisements stating that "a child's cawl is to be disposed of."

† The Quarterly Reviewer does not seem to have been at all disposed to show Mr. C. any quarter, for he has taken great pains to expose his blunders,—some of them, it must be confessed, rather gross ones, and to castigate him for the very liberal use he has made of the materials of other writers. Never mind, Campbell, for now you are quite safe—in that respect, at least, from any

charge of illiberality. Besides, you will be kept in countenance by the practice of those who consider themselves quite as great literary characters as you are; by that of certain 'indefatigables,' who kindly reprint the sense or nonsense written by other folks, at their own expense, and sometimes to their own cost.

FANCIES ON FANCY.

Some complain that we English are an unimaginative people, quite devoid of fancy, and getting prosier and prosier every day. Yet Englishmen—and Englishwomen too, unless they are strangely belied, have frequently fancies enow—some, indeed, more strange than becoming. As a nation, too, we are getting more fanciful than ever. Fancy enters not only into the amusements, but into the business of life; for we have, now-a-days, Fancy Fairs, established, it is to be presumed, especially for traffic in that commodity; so that families may now lay in a stock of either fancy, or fancies, sufficient for a whole year's consumption. Whether some of them do not pay very dear for their fancies, is no concern of ours. Fancy goods are one thing, and good fancies are another; and we suspect, or perhaps the reader will suspect for us, the latter are not always to be picked up.

That fancy should be whimsical, a 'chartered libertine,' whose wayward humours frequently run counter to common sense, is not very surprising; but it seems of late to have associated itself with some of the strangest companions imaginable. Were Shakspeare alive now, he would not say

> Tell me where is Fancy *bred*:
> In the heart, or in the head?

because he would know that *fancy bread* is to be had at every 'respectable' baker's shop in town. And such being the case, it is evident that it has nothing whatever to do with the heart or the head, but merely with our mouths and stomachs,—just like bread of less poetical quality. We have moreover an infinitude of *fancy* articles—not Magazine articles, provided for those who have an especial fancy for throwing away their money on things in which it would be almost impossible even to fancy the slightest degree of use; and upon which, accordingly, people grudge less the money they spend. We say 'accordingly,' because it is

natural that such should be the case: what a man really wants he buys, because he wants it; and to purchase a thing because one can't do without it, is too much like compulsion to suit the proud independence of human nature. Whereas, when we buy a thing which we do not want, and for which we are puzzled to devise any earthly use whatever, it becomes entirely our own free act; and not only that, but we have often the triumph of doing so in spite of that impertinent monitor, Common Sense, into the bargain: which last circumstance is perhaps the best part of the bargain altogether. All this, however, is mere digression.

"The Fancy," *par excellence*, on which we English pique ourselves above all other nations, is not an ideal personage, who "scatters

> "From her urn
> Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn,"

but that which deals in far more tangible and sensible matters:

> Fancy that deals in blows most killing,
> In bruising, breaking skulls, and *milling*.

To guess what Fancy can have to do with such very matter-of-fact amusements, passes the utmost stretch of our poor imagination. It is certainly an amusement that we should fancy less than any other: it is more rash than rational,—may perhaps be gentlemanly enough for many persons, but assuredly is not particularly gentle sport; the 'gentle,' therefore, might very well be dispensed with, as only superfluously clogging the epithet. We dare say, however, that little as it is to our individual taste, this pursuit is extremely proper and highly creditable to our national character, otherwise the newspapers would not bestow the extraordinary attention they do on a pitched battle between a couple of ruffians.

After all, if little is to be said in commendation of our English *Fancy*, we have undoubtedly a very great deal of Imagination in this country, which occasionally carries us to very great lengths. Whenever a more than usually atrocious murder has been committed, people imagine that particular interest is attached to the spot where it took place, and which forth-

with becomes a sort of consecrated site, although in itself a sight not worth looking at. 'Artists' are sent down 'expressly' for the purpose of making sketches and views. The portrait of the hero himself in a tragedy of this sort may, a day or two afterwards, be seen ogling at, and ogled at by, all the *virtuosi* who congregate around pamphlet-shop windows. Not the Madonna di Sisto itself can excite greater enthusiasm in a genuine connoisseur,—not the Apollo Belvidere obtain more intense homage from a Winckelmann, than does the phiz of such a worthy from the admiring groups who hang with looks of affectionate regard on each lineament of a great public character, destined to make his exit by the hand of the hangman. This is real fame, awarded, unasked, by the simple-heartedness of a simple-headed people. It is genuine, unadulterate, free from all suspicion,—a tribute of homage and veneration paid to *unfortunate* merit.

What else was it but the impulse of the most lively imagination, that, when Corder was executed, led people to contend eagerly for

fragments of the rope by which that celebrated person had been kept in fatal suspense? Those who were so fortunate as to obtain any portion of it, prized the precious relic as superstitiously as ever did Catholic devotee the rotten bones, 'said' to be those of some saint. The fortunate possessor of the Valdarfer Boccaccio did not bear off the hotly disputed prize from the field of black-letter contest with greater exultation, than did those imaginative gentry carry home a bit of rope's end, as a sacred heir-loom, or a touching *memento mori*, to their families.

No; we English do not lack imagination: it may be odd, wrongheaded, perverse, yet, such as it is, we have abundance of it;—quite enough, and to spare. Nay, by way of climax, as the last finishing stroke of absurdity, we are now favored with Imaginary PORTRAITS,—that is, the *Likenesses* of persons who never existed. Oh! John Bull, John Bull! this practical bull of yours beats the whole of the Hibernian breed.

THE KNIGHT OF THE HAMMER.

CEASE to boast of your Southeys, your Moores,
and your Scotts,
Of your Byrons, your Brittons, and Alaric
Watts,
After all you can say, they are not, I declare,
With George, most poetical George, to
compare.

In description how rich his advertisements
shine!
He gives you a picture in every line,
So filled with creative imagination,
He himself seems the very first "*Lord of
Creation.*"*

* In one of our friend George's recent advertisements, the following items were capitally displayed, in order to attract the attention of those indolent readers who would otherwise skip the choicest morceaux in a newspaper,—to wit, droll advertisements:—"The far-famed County of Devon," "The First Lord of Creation," "Our Good King," "Interminable Woods," "The Classical Little Church," "Forty Thousand Pounds," "The Temple of Theseus," &c. &c.

For his Vathek e'en Beckford himself fairly
trembles,
Not that George's romances are finer
dissembles;
So graphic the visions that sparkle and glare
In every sentence, and make the town stare.

So stupendous, magnificent, witching and
grand,
His epithets scatter'd with liberal hand,
That they turn to Arcadia each cockneyfied
spot,
And offer Elysium in every *lot*.

Tommy Moore has but merely put into fair
English
Forgotten old ballads, outlandish, outlinguish;
Where he sings of queer matters in most
ticklish taste, [chaste.
Which would in plain prose appear not over-

Compared too with George, Byron's Childe's
a mere *baby;* [*gaby*,
And Don Juan the work of a gin-drinking

Who, railing at cant, all the while makes his Muse
Retail in full measure the cant of the stews.

Sir Walter's romances have done very well,
But George, in romancing, bears from him the bell;
He's a perfect Munchausen, whose pen never sticks
At making a wonder of all it depicts.

Martin's scenes are allow'd to be monstrously fine,
Altho' what they mean we can't always divine;
For midnight and noon are so oddly mix'd up,
We don't know if 'tis time *for* to dine or to sup.

He makes one part all darkness, another all light,
While George's nice pictures are perfectly bright,
Not a shadow or shade does their lustre obscure,
But 'tis sunshine all over, quite radiant and pure.

Description flows from him just like inspiration,
—As free as from Johnny B. does dedication,
Or preface, or else promise-making prospectus,
All couch'd in a style from which heaven protect us!

Johnny B—, we own, is a capital shot,
As he has himself told his *dear friend*, Walter Scott;
A marksman most clever in aiming at fame,
And especially careful of bagging his game.

Yet Johnny's *own* writing, altho' it has merit,*
Falls very far short of our George's for spirit:
And George too's the boy who will do any thing, [Good King."†
Put up our good Queen, or knock down "Our

* If there be any truth in Buffon's observation, *le style c'est l'homme*, Mr. B. is a very singular mortal. His prefaces and dedications are the drollest and funniest productions imaginable, and ought to place him at the head of all the comic writers of the present day.

† His Majesty is a favorite lot with our friend George:

What is Butterfly Bailey, or F. S. A. Brayley,
Compar'd with great George, who amuseth us daily?
As for Milton and Shakspeare, and Mister Moncrieff,
They all ought to bow down to him as their chief.

What, too, is Leigh Hunt, with his pretty green trees,
Things fit only very green creatures to please?
Why Turner himself has more *nous*; for, instead
Of leaves that are green, he prefers what are red.

Our Knight shows us woods that have no termination,
And lawns that of Bishops would clothe a whole nation.

whether the Knight has ever knocked "our good King" down, we will not undertake to declare; but he has certainly put him into his advertisements oftener than is altogether seemly, and until he has become a very stale piece of goods.

Whole cities—whole counties he offers for sale,
And would sell the whole ocean, too, like so much ale.

Let Dillon, historian of Lord Mayors' excursions,
Of eating and drinking, and such-like diversions, [phrases,
The palm yield to George for magniloquent
With which each newspaper its readers amazes!

Of Valentines rare, the poetic inditer,
Parson Cobbold himself yields to George as a writer, [those
For tho' they are in rhyme, yet effusions like
Seem mere milk-and-water compared with his prose.

The sublime and the beautiful shine in his style,
—Tho' so oddly lugg'd in, they ofttimes make us smile;
And so out of place, that they're apt to appear,
The sublime and the beautiful, monstrously queer.

Moreover he draws—p'rhaps sometimes the
long-bow—
With a skill that excels the best masters we
know,
For he not only draws the most wonderful
things,
But also makes others un*draw* their purse-
strings.

Then let Fame blow her trumpet—yet, after
all, d— her,
She can't give such blows as he can with his
hammer;
That hammer more wondrous, in peace or in
war,
Than that one which belonged to thundering
Thor.

Ne'ertheless let her blow, and the universe tell
How all other writers our Knight doth excel,
For the best of them prosy and flat are, odds
bobbins!
When compared with George—the transcend-
ant George Robins!

And above all the lots he himself ever sold,
His own writings' lot we the happiest hold,
For they always escape those unfeeling pursuers
Who hunt us poor scribblers—Messieurs the Reviewers.

[*From the German of Von Hammer.*]

And so.
The sublime
queer.

THE AERIAL SHIP.

[An account of this said-to-be most extraordinary improvement on the balloon lately appeared in our English newspapers. It has not, however, been quite brought to bear, the first trial having proved an utter failure, in consequence of the bursting of the machine.]

What strange and truly wondrous schemes,
Surpassing Fancy's wildest dreams,
This age of prodigies doth breed!
Of fine inventions hath this century
Produced already an inventory
'Twould take some time to read.
Discoveries so great are made
In every science, art or trade,
That we need not despair
Of hearing yet, some lucky day,
That Croker has found out the way
To th' unknown land of Russell Square.

By steam we travel now, esteeming
The worthy who devised that mode
Of vapouring along the road.
Each day, with some fresh object teeming,
Gives some new wonder to our sight:
Soon, p'rhaps, we shall the Thames ignite;
Nay, 'tis already found, chopp'd straw
Will fire quench; chopp'd logic, then,
Besides employing the mere jaw,
May likewise serve to fill the maw,
—Give us a dinner now and then,
Dinn'd into th' ear by dint of *tonguery*
So *fast*, no feast 'twere to the hungry.

Of all inventions found out yet,
The Air-ship seems the happiest hit.
E'en lady-*ships*, however fair,
Cannot with such a ship compare;
Nor any other ship, I trow,
Of which the world at present know.
The very thought on't makes one glow!
Why! in comparison with such ship,
Balloons take only a flea's skip;

Which, as there can be no denying,
Resembles *fleaing* more than flying.
Now may we soon expect to sail,
If we like, in the wake of a comet's tail;
And there look down from our lofty *berth*
On kings, and such small fry on earth:
Nay, more; full certainly, we soon
Shall voyages make to the Moon;
And there discover all those things
Which, as Orlando's poet sings,
When lost on earth may there be found,
Treasured up quite safe and sound.
There some their characters might find;
And others, were they so inclin'd,
Their senses might bring back again;
Yet, after all, 'tis not quite plain
That any gain there would be in it,
For their senses would not stay a minute.
—But all the scheme it would upset,
If so it chanced that people met
With, there, what they so well can spare,
And found lost husbands or lost wives,
Which, of all losses in their lives,
They to recover, least would care.

Perhaps along the Milky Way,
—Or sea of milk, we ought to say,
We yet may steer:—(no doubt 'twere fine
Such milky sea to view, yet finer
Would most folks deem a sea of wine,
More heavenly, and diviner).
Arrived among the Stars, 'tis plain,
We then could clearly ascertain
If they are made of ladies' eyes,
(Which some have given us to suppose
Serve to illuminate the skies);
Or merely spangles with which Night,
Like other ladies, trims her clothes.
When we among the stars *alight*
We shall no more be in the dark
On questions now above our mark;
Yet questions to be treated slightly,
Being so dark themselves, that rightly
By sober folks like me they're dreaded,
Who caring not to be confounded,
Leave them all to be expounded
By those who are themselves *light-headed.*

Our playhouse Managers, if wise,
—Of which there's doubt—will to the skies
In future go for fresh supplies;
There pick up *stars*, and bring them down
To set a-*staring* all the town.
Those they have given us of late
Are altogether out of date.
Nor is it strange: for moons don't last
Above a month, and then are cast
Aside, for new ones; so, to speak
The truth, it cannot be in reason,
That stars should have a longer season,
Or fairly last above a week.

Once the Aerial Ship aboard,
No longer to this planet moor'd,
Then with all our sails unfurl'd
We can say "farewell" to the world,
And rais'd 'bove earth and all its care,
Soar 'bove its sorenesses through air.
How charming must it be for lovers
Through the sky to become rovers,
—Elope from earth, and upwards shoot,
Quite safe from troublesome pursuit!

For should they happen to be vex'd—
  Be thwarted by cross-grain'd papas,
  By meddling aunts, or starch mammas,
They'd sail from this world to the next:
  E'en tho' that next should be the Moon;
And Moon would serve their turn, I ween,
Full quite as well as Gretna Green,
  Because it oft turns out, and soon
  That sort of love, tho' very fine,
  Is, after all, but mere *moon-shine*.

For Malthus it will be rare news,
Since now we can, whene'er we chuse,
Superfluous population send
Much further than this small world's end;
Out of the world despatch it quite
In an Air-vessel snug and tight;
—Of love-sick folks may send a cargo,
All duty free, and *sans* embargo,
To Venus or to Mercury;
And we must certainly agree,
The last would prove in certain cases
For them the very best of places.

To Saturn, too, we might transport
Those creatures truly saturnine,
Whom fun and joke in vain would court—
Who have no relish for good sport,
No taste for humour such as mine!

Some sports 'tis certain that there are
The world might well contrive to spare;
Let those therefore who delight in
Such uncivil sport as fighting,
Be forthwith shipped off for Mars;
And if like heroes fight they must,
Why let them there kick up a dust,
Else let them kick about the stars.

—Were Vesta nearer—but no matter,
Tho' she's so far we can't get at her:
Of vestals we have not so many
As to need to get rid of any.

Thus shall we all our living lumber,
Who now too much this earth encumber,
Be able now to turn adrift,
And, besides, give them all a *lift*.

In this most excellent of schemes
The greatest difficulty seems,
How to victual-out a fleet
Until its voyage it complete;
For sail'd it e'er so fleet and fast,
Provisions might not always last;
In which case stomachs would be ailing,
And grumble much at such *fast* sailing.
However, that is their affair,
  And none of ours: at any rate
  They might contrive to stop and bait
At some one of those castles rare
  Of which so many built have been,
  —Good folks, you all know what I mean,—
Our charming *castles in the air.*

POSTSCRIPT.

Thus far had we written, when, to give the lie
To us, and our very profound prophecy,
The Aerial Ship play'd a prank truly scurvy,
By choosing to burst, or to turn topsy-turvy.

SUPPLEMENT TO JOYCE'S SCIENTIFIC DIALOGUES.

CONVERSATION I.

Tutor. There are two grand agencies which within a comparatively recent period have been brought into play. Already has much been accomplished by them; and still more surprising results than any yet produced may reasonably be anticipated from them, as we advance in knowledge and civilization. One of them is Steam, the other Puff.

Pupil. Steam! Ah! I know very well what that is, sir. It is water-smoke,—the essence or extract, I suppose, of water, which, being drawn from it, serves in its turn to draw other things—waggons for instance. Instead of putting teams of horses before them, they now put steam behind them. But as to Puff, I know of no other kind than the puffs we buy at the pastrycooks.

Tutor. The Puff I am speaking of is of a very different kind: not prepared for eating,

yet certainly intended to be swallowed; and the public generally do swallow it greedily enough.

Pupil. Ah! now I recollect: you mean humbug, sir?

Tutor. Puff is undoubtedly a species of it.

Pupil. And pray, sir, is it so very important as to form the matter of a separate science?

Tutor. Undoubtedly, and of a very complex one. Simple as Puff may seem to be in itself, its power is enormous,—I may say tremendous, equal to that of either gunpowder or steam; as I hope to convince you, by some curious and entertaining experiments. Here is a small Puff apparatus. Now observe me: I will apply this tube to any book, and you shall see the effect.

Pupil. Will any book do, sir?

Tutor. It does not much matter; but, in general, the sillier and more stupid a book be, so will the effect of Puff be the more astonishing.

Pupil. Here is a volume of "Poems, by

one of the Noodle School;" "A System of Washerwoman Criticism;" and the "Novel of the Season."

Tutor. Well, any of them will do. Now listen. [*Applies the tube to the book, when there issues forth a cry of* "Fine effort of genius!—exquisite taste!—unrivalled power;—a perfect literary gem!—everybody anxious to discover the author!—reported to be the production of one of the most eminent writers of the day!—intensely stirring!—perfectly fascinating! superb! energetic! profound!—quite engrosses the attention of the public!—to prevent disappointment early application requested," &c. &c. &c.]

Pupil. What a tremendous hubbub! It is perfectly deafening! Let me try the experiment myself, sir. Why, what is the meaning of all this? Although I took a different book, almost the very same sentences issued from the trump—tube, I should say!

Tutor. Yes; that is an awkward defect, which all the study of the ingenious contriver of the instrument has not yet been able to

remove. The same phrases, you find, are repeated over and over again. Take fifty different works, and each in its turn is declared to be the most excellent of its kind ever produced.

Pupil. Exceedingly droll that! But I think it must render the apparatus of very little value, except as a mere curiosity.

Tutor. Nevertheless, there are people who contrive to make use of it to some purpose. Come, I will now shew you another experiment, quite as entertaining. By means of this tube, called an *inflator*, I can expand a mere literary mite to the dimensions of a Milton, or swell out the little puny wit of a modern playwright, till he comes up to the standard of a Shakspeare.

Pupil. How prodigiously curious! But pray, sir, does the poor mite afterwards retain the preternatural bulk thus given him?

Tutor. Oh no: our literary mite is merely swelled out, like a huge bubble, and, as soon as the supply of Puff is stopped, either bursts

altogether, or else gradually shrivels away to a most pitiful and ridiculous figure.

Pupil. If such, then, be the case, I do not perceive of what utility this same Puff can possibly be.

Tutor. That is because you are a simpleton. The mite has the gratification of looking like what he wishes to appear in the eyes of the public; nay, it frequently happens that the poor creatures, who are thus unnaturally distended by the 'inflator,' actually fancy themselves to be not merely empty shapes, but solid substances; until, by indiscreetly applying more of that dangerous gas than their literary constitution will bear, they explode with a terrible fume.

Pupil. Yet, might not a little Puff,—just sufficient to dilate one to a respectable size, be applied with tolerable safety?

Tutor. Unhappily, it is quite impossible to ascertain beforehand the safety-point. Sometimes the patient bursts almost as soon as *inflation* has commenced; and, in such cases, the operators generally receive some ugly

blows. Besides, such is the intoxicating nature of this gas, that the *Puffee* never apprehends any danger, but thinks himself able to bear an increased quantity just before he is blown to atoms.

Pupil. That is a very great pity indeed. But you have not yet informed me, sir, to whom we are indebted for the discovery of this gas.

Tutor. Some learned men have supposed that the ancients were acquainted with it; because, as appears from one of his own letters, Cicero himself applied to a friend to furnish him with some. That sort of it, however, must have been considerably weaker than the Puff of modern times: if known at all, Puff was not then brought into general use. Now, on the contrary, it has become quite common, particularly of late years; since the mode of preparing it in any quantities has been brought to perfection by the ingenious Mr. ————.

Pupil. After what you just before told me, it seems very extraordinary that such should

be the case; because people must undoubtedly be aware of the mischievous and fatal consequences likely to ensue from it.

Tutor. Infatuation blinds them to all consequences. Do tipplers, think you, drink one dram the less, because sober people foresee that they are drinking themselves into the grave, the workhouse, or the jail? Assuredly not.

CONVERSATION II.

Pupil. What instrument is that, sir? I do not remember to have seen one of the kind before.

Tutor. I dare say you have not, for it is of very recent invention. It is called an *Alethescope;* the meaning of which term, I presume you have Greek enough in you to understand.

Pupil. I suppose, then, it means, that it shews objects as they really are.

Tutor. Right. You are aware that the density of our moral atmosphere causes very

great refraction to take place, whereby objects are magnified or diminished, sometimes so distorted from their real shapes, as to convey the idea of anything but what they actually are. Here is a character that passes with the world for a genius: now look through this end of the instrument, and tell me what you behold.

Pupil. Behold! Why, sir, I see nothing but an ass,—as veritable a donkey as I ever clapped eyes on!

Tutor. Now reverse the glass, and look through the other end. Do you perceive any difference?

Pupil. A most astonishing one! For now, instead of the ass, I perceive as respectable a genius as I should wish to pull off my hat to.

Tutor. There goes a fine gentleman: look at him through the *Alethescope;* but, mind—at the proper end.

Pupil. A fine gentleman indeed! Why, he appears now a mere beggar.

Tutor. Well, here comes a miserable looking wretch: suppose you now take a

glance, and tell me whether he is as poverty-stricken as his outward appearance denotes him.

Pupil. Quite the contrary: he is almost as plump and as jolly as the Old Lady in Threadneedle Street herself; and his pockets are crammed to bursting with bonds, loans, mortgages, and I know not what. Really, this is a very entertaining instrument indeed. Hold! here is a piece of charity: "One thousand guineas by—" (*Reading.*) Pshaw! it is nothing, after all, but a piece of ostentation! Pray, sir, does our moral atmosphere, in distorting objects, always make them appear infinitely better than we find them to be, on examining them through the *Alethescope?*

Tutor. That you may instantly decide for yourself. Look at yonder man and his wife: he looks, in the eyes of the world, a poor, spiritless creature, close-fisted and mean; she, a mere dowdy; and both of them quite unpresentable nobodies, whom polite society would justly scout.

Pupil. Then polite society, sir, wants an *Alethescope;* for it shows me two very amiable persons, most irreproachable in their conduct, agreeable in their manners, well-informed and cultivated in their minds, engaging in their manners, and both benevolent and honorable in their dispositions.

Tutor. So I guessed.

Pupil. There is still another question you must allow me to put to you: Do we in every instance see objects through the *Alethescope* altogether different from what they appear to the naked eye?

Tutor. No, not invariably: some difference may always be discerned; yet there are cases in which very little change is produced, either one way or the other. For the most part, however, objects look very differently when viewed through this instrument. Many a "fortunate" man may be discovered to be a very miserable dog; a wit, to be an empty blockhead; and a supersentimental, who puts others in extacies with his fine feelings, to be a very selfish, if not hard-hearted being.

Pupil. As this instrument possesses so many excellent qualities,—is so very instructive, as well as amusing, how happens it that it is not in more general use?

Tutor. For many reasons: on account of its enormous expense; for, to make one, nearly occupies a man's entire lifetime; and, after all his trouble, he may not succeed. In the next place, the constant care required in keeping the instrument in a proper temperature, and in adjusting it for use; besides which, there is a great prejudice against it, most persons having an aversion to seeing objects differently from their neighbours.

Pupil. Sir, an odd fancy strikes me: I should like very much to take a peep at a Prime Minister through the *Alethescope*.

Tutor. Humph!—Then I would advise a Prime Minister to keep out of your way. But, *apropos* to great men: the Editor of *The Times*, it appears, has just been looking at Lord Brougham through one of these instruments; and, after extolling him for the last fifteen years as a prodigy of genius, learning,

application, zeal,—in short, as a most enlightened statesman, has all at once discovered that the Lord Chancellor is little better than an ignoramus and a quack!

Pupil. Perhaps, sir, he made a mistake, and looked through the wrong end, you know; or else the instrument itself may have been very badly constructed, and quite unfit for use.

Tutor. Most probably.

SONNET.

Go, blessed ship! May prospering breezes speed
Thee and thy freight—by most folks deem'd a fright!
Thou bearest now, unto—our great delight—
Her whom few else can bear at all: indeed,
Quite happy are we from you to be freed.
Then speed thee hence, and steer thy course aright;
For fairly coarse enough, in our sight,
Thy charge. Transport her hence with special heed,
Ne'er to return to British shores again:
And thereby, blessed ship! transport us all.
By main force bear her 'cross the briny main,
Bold ravisher! in spite of any squall
Of hers, or of the wind! Go, bless'd ship! go,
And carry off Miss Harriet Martineau!

ODE TO MACASSAR ROWLAND.

"ROWLAND the Mad," Ferrara's bard,
In many a canto sung, although no canter:
Instead of cant, he was more given to banter.
Rowland the Sage, then, shall the Muse
To chant in graceful* strain refuse? [choose
Macassar Rowland!—Sure, she can't but
Him to extol
In rhyme, although the rhyme be merely droll.
In sooth, it would be hard,
If from such honour he were still debarr'd;
Barr'd out, as 'twere, from the abode of Fame.
Hard, did I say?—It were a monstrous shame!

Let others sing the magic power of wine:
It may be very fine;
Yet what's the use of wine in verse?
So we'll have neither wine nor whining;—
Wine will do when we are dining.
In poetry we've had too much of that,
Until 'tis now become quite stale and flat.

* Quære—GREASY?—*Printer's Imp.*

Therefore I rather will rehearse
The virtues of the oil, Macassar hight:
To celebrate its power be my delight.
To tell its excellence I do incline,—
I don't say *lean*, because the subject's fat.

So fertile doth that wondrous Oil
Render our pericraniums' soil,
As to be really capital manure
For barren skulls. It makes to grow
Fine crops above, if none below;
That is, within,—
For which, of course, thou dost not care a pin.
I might say, truer,
That what's beneath th' outside is quite
Below thy notice:—now, Rowland, we are right!
Ah! would thy oil could also cure
The baldness of some writers' style!
Baldness so vile,
That critics by it are appall'd,
And vow such style should really be black-*ball'd*,
Without compunction.

At any rate, methinks, it would to twaddle,
Dull slipslop, and mere fiddle-faddle,
Impart some unction;
And bestow on common-place
Grease, as a substitute for grace.

At least, my Rowland, thee the Muse extols,
For strengthening all our polls;
And, eke, for mending all those locks
Design'd to guard man's brain-box.
Therefore, I say, — perhaps it looks like funning,—
That thou, of locksmiths, art most cunning;
And, lest our locks by rust be spoil'd,
Good care thou tak'st they be well oiled.
Still, after all, to speak the truth,
Such locks are hardly wanted by our youth.*

* It is not a little singular, that so very sagacious a person as Mr. Rowland undoubtedly is, should choose to recommend his admirable specific principally for those who least of all need it. Baldness is by no means common in children or young people; consequently, the virtue of Macassar Oil is totally thrown away upon their pates. There is very little credit to be got by

Locks may be proper for a head that's full,
But of no service for an empty skull.
'Tis difficult, no doubt,
From well-lock'd head aught to steal out;
Yet we must not too hastily begin
Locks to apply: for, 'tis a common blunder,
Heads to lock fast, and then to wonder
Why we can put no learning in.

curing those who have no disease. Far more would it redound to the honour of Macassar Oil, if it could obtain a complete victory over the Wigs, and banish them altogether from their Ministry. In fact, they are quite a libel upon it; and, when we behold so many youthful looking wigs about, we cannot help being somewhat staggered as to the miraculous power ascribed to the said oil. It may, however, be only owing to the very bad taste of those who prefer wearing a wig to a natural head of luxuriant hair, to be obtained by the application of a few bottles of Macassar. *Apropos* to such perverse taste we give the following anecdote. A gentleman went into a shop to purchase a bottle of some wonder-working preparation, which he had seen advertised as a complete cure for baldness, even in the most desperate cases. While he was waiting to be served, he remarked that the inventor himself seemed to need the assistance of his own specific infinitely more than he did; and

To say the truth, too, after all,
Thy oil, my Rowland, does not suit
Wights whose style is full of gall.
Without dispute,
Thy oil is quite empirical;
Yet that won't make us a whit more satirical.
Thy oil with dandy skulls may quite agree,
But Oil of Vitriol best suits folks like me.

therefore addressed him, saying, "Excuse me, but how happens it that you yourself are quite bald, when you possess so valuable a remedy against such a defect?" "Oh! I do not mind being so: it is a perfect matter of indifference to me." "That's strange,—very strange! However, I don't know but you are quite in the right. Hang it! what does it signify, after all? I will e'en follow your example. I have, it is true, given you some unnecessary trouble; but I will also give you a very good piece of advice; which is, that if you do not care to let your own head exhibit ocular proof of the extraordinary properties of your what-d'ye-call-it stuff, by all means get a wig, lest you frighten all your customers away!"

PATENT ODE TO MR. PERRY.

WRITTEN WITH ONE OF HIS PATENT PENS.

WHY should Bob Warren all the Muse engross,
And blacking give us every day a dose
Of rhyme so rum, albeit without spirit?
While ne'er a bard nor big nor small,—not one,
Pens or a stanza or a pun;
Is serious or merry,
Grandly grave, or full of fun,
Touching the transcendent merit
Of the pen-making Mr. Perry.
Ungrateful wretches!—Not a single ode
To the reformer of the *pen*-al code!

Hail! thou great master of the fluent *style*,
Whose polish'd *iron*y makes writers smile!
Who causest wights like me to flourish
On paper, if not in their purse:
To thee I consecrate this verse,
Seeking thy praises and fair fame to nourish.

Thee, Perry, though no peer, the printers *laud*
With one accord;
So very excellent art thou, and very
Beneficent to *letters*, Mr. Perry.
Should'st thou be e'er so little, thee they greet,
As born t' alleviate their fate;
So much hast thou amended all
Our rhyming hands of late.
Oh! that, to make the job complete,
Thou also could'st amend our hobbling *feet!*
Thou great Chiropodist of scrawl,
Mender of scratches and pothooks,
And maker of all those whose trade 'tis to
make books!
Aided by thee, e'en I shall soon succeed,
Since what I write the printers now can read:
And, sure, 'tis something to be read at all!
Yet, sooth to say, I rather am alarm'd,
Since, though thyself so harmless, thou hast
arm'd
With trenchant *steel* those hands,
Else wont the quills of geese alone to wield;
And hast equipped for the field
Such numerous bands,

Clad in all hues,
Red and un*read*, and eke the corps of Blues.
Yes, thou hast arm'd them for fierce feud,
Where, in ink imbru'd,
Hostile wits each other beat;
And that's a kind of *feud* which really is not *meet*.
Still it some comfort to thy bard imparts,
That if thou *steelest* all our hands, so dost thou *steal* our hearts.

Avaunt, vain fears! reflection drives ye hence.
At worst, such weapons can but murder sense.
And, lo! a novel era shall commence:
Swords shall to pens be turn'd by thee, my Perry;
Thy iron age shall be the age of peace,—
All other battling, save of words, shall cease.
Our fears, then, let us bury.
In sooth, my heart with joy it makes to leap,
To think that, when thou hast provided
With pens the race of scribblers, guided
By zeal humane, thou'lt then make *pens* for sheep!

Yet, pray, do not,—though that would be
most curious,—
Proceed until you make us all *pen*urious.

While *Pen*maemnawr shall lift its lofty head,
While *pen*sive poets ponder for their bread;
While *pen*dulums and *pen*tagons exist;
While Joey Hume pores o'er the *pen*sion list,
In *pen*ny mood, if not in *pen*ny tense,*
Anxious to save our farthings and our *pen*ce;
While chaste *Pen*elope shall live in song,—
In short—that I may not appear too long,
While there's a *pen*nyworth of *pen*etration
In this enlightened age and nation,
Thy Pens shall flourish, and we flourish, too,
My peerless Perry! Faith, 'tis very true:
Flourish we shall, in envious fate's despite;
For, though all things go *wrong*, thou soon
wilt make all *write!*

* Quære—PENITENCE?—*Printer's Imp.*

ALBUM POETRY.

LADIES' Albums are most undoubtedly exceedingly delightful books—to look *at:* looking *into* them is altogether a different matter. What with velvet binding, curiously overlaid with gold or silver filagree-work, with watered-silk linings, embossed title-pages, landscape edges, and other decoration of that kind, they make a brave shew enough; and so do those merely ornamental dishes which contribute so much to the splendor of a dinner or supper table. Yet we should as soon think of tasting the latter, as of touching the former class of these pretty nick-nacks; most delectable to sight, but not intended to gratify any other sense. Fine albums should be content with mere eye-worship. To think of perusing one, except by way of extraordinary penance for heinous offence against drawing-room etiquette, would be a preposterous piece of asceticism.

A dull book—a stupid book—a nonsensical

book, may be got through at last by dint of patience; but your genuine album stuff is so thoroughly impregnated with mawkishness as to be actually intolerable. Unsophisticated nonsense and honest stupidity are absolutely respectable, compared with the ninny-hammer, simpering affectation and slipslop of the album school. Nothing of feeling is discoverable in it: on the contrary, there is by far too much of the mere *pawing* about fine feeling, in a manner exquisitely ludicrous, yet intolerably distressing.

If, indeed, a person be in search only of the supremely ridiculous, then we would advise him not to shrink from the formidable task of album-hunting; as he would doubtless meet with some singularly curious specimens of it. We have selected a couple of such curiosities from the *hortus siccus* of a friend, who is an amateur that way, and who assures us they are genuine. For our part, we have our doubts as to that; because they appear to us to be by far too good for the real things,—too clever and too quizzical. Being rather sceptical

ourselves, we do not call upon others to give implicit credence to any hoax.

NOSOLOGICAL LOVE.

Let others be " *the girdle*
Around her winsome waist;"
I would not give a sous
To be so queerly plac'd.

Yes, say I, queerly plac'd,—
Most queerly, I'm afraid;
Although, so near her stays,
I surely should be staid.

Nor do I wish to be
Her pretty bobbing earring;
Lest naughty wits should say,
That fellow's but *a-queering*.

As for being her slipper,
An office, that, too humble;
Besides, some unforeseen " false step"
Might cause both slip and tumble.

No: rather far to be the "specs"
Upon her nose I seek;
And then—ah, then—yes, then,
That nose how I would tweak!

The second specimen is in quite a different and very loftier mood: it is a fine rhapsody, in which the writer has evidently been carried away from vulgar common sense by the fervour of his poetical *æstrum*.

THE FAMOUS ONE.

Lend me, Fame, thy lutestring pinions;
Musically bind them on:
Lo! now I soar among thy minions,
And am among the geese a swan.

Butterflies around are singing,
And the teakettle sings too;
Perfumes grow like fountains springing,
Of every tint and every hue.

Love is now gone out of fashion,—
Ladies wear not "love," but blonde;
Yet to the tender, tindery passion,
My twittering heart shall aye respond.

Beauty is the lover's booty,—
Beauty, which is ugly never;
And whoso would evade its duty
Must be more than common clever.

Azure now is all the go,
Venus is become quite blue;
And Cupid looks like indigo,*
Instead of "Love's own rosy hue."

Time was, Love our hearts would pierce,—
Our hearts and brains alike devouring;
But now, instead of being so fierce,
He is content our ears with *boring*.

See! the poor Graces, by their capering,
Have quite worn out their dancing shoes;
And, while their lanky locks they're papering,
These prosy, humdrum times abuse.

Sometimes think they of composing
Tales like Harriet Martineau's;
And of enlisting, by their prosing,
A Lord Chancellor 'mong their beaus.

* The horrible identical rhyme in this line is fit only for the ear of a Frenchman.

Fame!—Oh! zounds! what thump was that?
I've soar'd so high, I've knock'd my head
Against the moon, and knock'd it flat,—
Flatter than flattery, though 'twas lead!

Fame! 'tis all over with me now! Go, shed
Oceans of tears: thy favorite bard is dead!

This style of poetry may justly be called the Surprising: the turns the writer takes are quite unexpected, and—if such a pleonasm be allowable—singularly odd. The last stanza in particular takes us altogether unawares, and moreover convinces us that this *Famous One* is not Mrs. Norton's *Undying One!*

THE COW.

A TALE, AFTER WESSEL.*

A THRIVING yeoman, of a fair estate,
—No matter where 'twas 'situate,'
Chanced to lose his loving mate.
By death, thus of his spouse bereav'd,
He wept, forlorn, and sadly griev'd—
At least folks said so, p'rhaps believ'd.
His neighbours visits of condolence paid;
Kind souls! they really were afraid
He would become quite mop'd.
They reasoned with him, argued, hop'd

* This author was a Danish comic poet and dramatic writer in very high repute among his countrymen. His *Kierlighed uden Strömper* (Love without Stockings) is an exceedingly humorous parody of the pompous French tragedies; not, perhaps, entitled to the unqualified admiration some critics have bestowed upon it, but certainly a lively and entertaing piece of satire. Wessel died in 1785.

He would cheer up, for they declared
Such loss as his was soon repaired;
Wives were not scarce; and it was plain
He could not better do than wive again.
And, that we may cut matters shorter,
One plainly hinted he might have his daughter.
This said his sister, that his niece,
Would be a spouse t' ensure his peace.
Thus press'd until he was perplext,
And dreading too, perhaps, lest next,
In an excess of zeal, some other
Should propose t' him his grandmother,
To get rid of further pother,
Our hero yielded; chose a second bride,
And was once more by Hymen's fetter tied.

But Fate had yet another trial,
Or, we may say, another vial
Of grief, for him in store,
For so it chanc'd that now
He lost a very favorite cow;
Which caus'd him as much sorrow as before.
This time, however, he was left alone,
Just as he pleas'd, to sigh and groan.

No, not a single soul came near him
With friendly sympathy to cheer him.
Thought Hodge, 'tis monstrous strange!
How very queerly people change,
I find I now may sit and sigh
Here by myself, until I die;
And no one cares, or asks me why.
Just then came in his father-in-law,
Who, when he Hodge's lengthen'd visage saw,
Cried out, "What now! don't take on thus,
Nor make about a cow such fuss.
As she is gone, why let her go, odd rat her!
Your grieving will not mend the matter.
The beast is dead; and so 'tis plain
You cannot have your cow again."
To this sage counsel, given so drily,
Our hero answered, very slily,
"So I suppose, because I find, somehow,
There is this difference 'twixt a wife and cow.
When the former dies, you know,
Some kind friend another will bestow,
—Aye, I should have been plagu'd out of
my life,
Until I accepted another wife.

But a cow—that no one offers to give.
I shall, therefore, remember as long as I live,
That you value a cow, if fit only for slaughter,
More, aye, much more, than 'an excellent daughter.'"

SPECIMEN OF A CRITICAL AND PHILOSOPHICAL DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE, UPON AN ENTIRELY NEW PLAN.

ALL our lexicographers, Johnson and Todd included, seem to have quite mistaken the purposes for which a dictionary is required. Hence the information such works give is exceedingly meagre in some respects, and quite superfluous in others. A dictionary ought to be something more than a mere spelling-book or vocabulary. No person turns to one for ascertaining the meaning of *ands*, *ofs*, *whens*, and so forth, or of such words as *cake*, *cat*, *dog*, *bed*, with which children are pretty well acquainted before they open a book at all. But we certainly do require some work, that shall undertake to point out with niceness all those peculiar, varying, and delicate distinctions in the meaning of a great many words, wherein consist the real difficulty of language; of those niceties which continually embarrass us, even in our vernacular tongue. How far

the work upon which we are employed will supply what is now certainly a desideratum, we leave the reader to judge by the following specimens, taken at random.

ACADEMY. Formerly this word signified a school of philosophers, an institution for the arts, or a society of wits and literati; but now—hear it not, *Accademia degli Arcadi*, every school for little boys is so styled; and the word "Academy," in large letters, may be seen stuck up in streets and lanes, which certainly awaken no ideas of "the groves of Academies." Many of the young *Academicians* themselves may indeed remind us of the sect of Cynics, being but very unpolished whelps, and hardly in keeping with the polite and delicate appellation their master bestows on his frowsy schoolroom. It is rather to be wondered at that the masters content themselves with being called by so very homely a name. Surely, in this age of refinement, when fine words cost nothing, and mean as much as nothing, the master should be styled the *President* of the Academy. "Mr. Wiggins,

President of the *Boy*al Academy in Leather-lane," would carry quite as grand a sound with it as " President of the Royal Academy" itself does.

The word Academy, it should be remarked, is exceedingly unmanageable in poetry, whenever it insists upon being placed at the end of a verse, because it is by no means easy to devise any rhyme for it. An eminent poet has, however, contrived to hitch it in, in the following manner:

——It would be mad o' me
To think of opening an Academy
For *face-painting*, since the ladies
Fancy that their proper trade is;
And some among those artists fair
Such very famous colourists are,
Their *dies* so very, very red,
You almost wish them fairly dead.

Beggar. Both this word and the adjective " Beggared," have a very different meaning from any pointed out in other dictionaries. In polite parlance, a man is said to be a beggar if he has no more to fling away upon superflui-

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ties than would maintain a score of honest families. A younger son with a paltry thousand a year is set down at once as a beggar; and every prudent mamma would be horrified and scandalized at the idea of her daughter reducing herself to "beggary" by marrying such a *detrimental.*

CELEBRATED. This word is now become so perfectly synonymous with "*Notorious,*" that it is indifferent which we make use of; or, in fact, the latter would in most cases be preferable, as seeming less ironical and sneering. Celebrity, in fact, is become almost disreputable. A person of good taste hardly cares to go partners with jockeys, swindlers, and quacks, in having such an epithet as "Celebrated" tacked to his name.

COMMON SENSE. A quality which novelists bestow, for the most part, very sparingly indeed upon either their heroes or heroines. Such personages may be accomplished, witty, amiable, endowed with generosity, feeling, and all that; but, so far are they from exhibiting common sense, that they generally show them-

selves to be egregious simpletons, precisely on those very occasions when a little common sense would prevent a vast deal of perplexity and botheration. An explanation, for instance, that any reasonable person would have asked for, or given at once, is put off till the last chapter of the last volume. And why? merely because a couple of words would have cut short a series of perplexities so forced, laboured, and artificial, that it requires the utmost stretch of the author's ingenuity to spin them out.

COOKERY. (See *Fine Arts.*) In the preface to his excellent work, Ude delicately hints at what is rather a startling recommendation of a luxurious table, and likely to lead many persons from his "commons," into Doctors' Commons.

DANCING. (See *Fine Arts.*) The perfection of dancing—of scientific opera-dancing, at least, seems to consist in the being able to extend one leg and thigh at an angle of 90° from the body, at the same time twisting round and round on the other foot. Such an attitude is not only monstrously gross, but su-

premely ridiculous—more suited to a monkey, or a Bartelmy Fair posture-master, than to any animal of the fair sex. Nothing can be more preposterously ungraceful. The Three Graces would as soon have thought of standing upon their heads as of sprawling out their legs after that fashion, and spinning round like three tetotums.

Dittos. It was a gross oversight in Johnson to omit this delicate, and most welcome substitute for a word quite shocking to the chaste and refined ears of respectable people. The horribly indecent expression of "b——s" pocket is not banished even from good society, but it is to be presumed and hoped that it very soon will be, and that of Dittos'-pocket substituted for it; so that ere long the English language will be rendered a perfect *Sansculotte*. It may be doubted, however, after all, whether there be not more of vulgar squeamishness and real coarseness in objecting to the word b——s, than of real modesty; especially when we observe that those who cannot bring themselves to pronounce it, can very

glibly utter a great many French expressions and phrases, not only coarser, but almost disgustingly so. Many far more curious than quotable instances might be produced—quite sufficient to show that that most polished people employ language which would disgrace a nation of Yahoos. The synonyms to "*Dittos*" are *Etcæteras, Inexpressibles, Unmentionables.*

DULL. An epithet frequently bestowed to express abhorrence of what ought to be entitled to our esteem. A man who honestly discharges the duties attached to his station in life, and sets an example of sobriety and diligence to those within his own sphere, be it a high or a low one, is oftener than not scouted by the world as an exceedingly "dull fellow," quite ignorant of "life," and fit only to associate with Methodists and "saints." It is recorded of a certain "gay" lady of quality, that being once asked whether she hoped to go to heaven, she replied, "From all I have heard of it, I think it must be an excessively *dull place.*" There are, no doubt, a great many other people

who are exactly of the same opinion: and, according to their ideas of happiness, their opinion is tolerably correct. What thinks the reader?—why, that this is a most intolerably dull article.

FOIBLES. By this term are distinguished in the polite world those "indiscretions" (See *Indiscretions*,) which, when committed by mere nobodies, assume a very offensive character—perhaps become heinous breaches* of morality. If such a mere nobody as an alderman enjoys a good dinner, he is a shockingly vulgar glutton; but "His Grace," or "My Lord,"—provided he be not "My Lord Mayor," may gorge and swill as much as he pleases, with perfect impunity of character. He is an Epicurean *bon vivant*, and a free liver, although his own liver may be very far from being free

* Should not this word, for decency's sake, be printed with a dash, thus, br——s? Or, would it not be better to substitute the more modest, though rather unintelligible phrase, of "Nether integuments?" "Nether integuments of morality," would be a very pretty-sounding, and perfectly original expression.—*Printer's Imp.*

from diseases, brought on by his debauches at table. A "gentleman" may plunder a friend at the gaming-table, and reduce him to beggary, without any impeachment to his gentility, or without being considered a mercenary character; but if a tradesman is detected in any unfairness, he is a low, overreaching, swindling knave. What would be a monstrous vice in the parish of St. Mary Axe, is only a trifling foible in that of St. James's—a mere venial indiscretion. And the same conduct that would obtain for Mrs. Stilton, the cheesemonger's wife, the appellation of a "vile hussy," is so refined by the atmosphere of fashion, so divested by it of all impurity, that it amounts at the utmost only to a little "innocent flirtation." In short, the fashionable world and its apes are perfect adepts in that happy alchemy of language, which transmutes both crimes and vices into foibles and indiscretions.

FOOTMAN. In some families a very important personage, not unfrequently the head man; for although, in conformity with the

prejudices of society, he is not allowed to sit down to table with his master, he may have the privilege of leading him by the nose, and making him do what he thinks proper.

INTERESTING. There might be some propriety of language in applying this term to brokers and money-lenders, for they undoubtedly are very "interesting" people; but why it should be bestowed, as it now generally is, on those young ladies who, if they figure no where else, contrive to figure at police-offices and in police reports, is rather puzzling. This is one of those anomalies in our language which, no doubt, more than any other cause, render it so exceedingly difficult for foreigners to become tolerable proficients in it. In fact, "interesting" is now become so very disreputable a word, that I hope no one will think of applying it to the present production.

PALAVER. The stuff uttered at public dinners after the cloth is removed. It is strange that, when people have been cramming their mouths with really good things, that, on opening them again, they should let out so many

silly and impertinent ones. My friend, Christopher Crab,* explains the phenomenon thus: the good things, he says, pass down their throats, and stick fast in their stomach; while the silly and stupid ones come out of the cavity where their brains should be. Such speechifying would be less objectionable, if the orators would but delay their performance until the company were "half-seas over," for in that condition they would have some excuse for mistaking mere "palaver" for argument, ninnyhammerism for fine speaking, and drivelling for sentiment.

STAGE (See *Playhouse*). A mirror, which is now constructed upon such novel and truly philosophical principles, as invariably to reflect either the humours of Bartlemy Fair, or the pathos of Newgate and the Old Bailey. For comedy, it exhibits the one; for tragedy, it gives us the other. When they attempt

* Kit. has offered to assist me in the compilation of this Dictionary, provided I will let him write *all* the spiteful articles in it. The fellow, sure, has no conscience!

the latter form of the drama, our modern playwrights might almost be styled ploughwrights, for their productions harrow up the feelings most unmercifully. Low as the stage is now sunk, far be it from me to utter an ill-natured word against it: on the contrary, its efficacy is undoubtedly, and as unquestionably, exceedingly virtuous, for it has become of late years so monstrously stupid—so disgustingly irrational, that I am persuaded, nothing short of a full conviction of its national importance could induce an "intelligent public" even to tolerate it. Those who cant in behalf of the stage, tax all those who cant against it as being puritanical hypocrites. But it is to be regretted, that, instead of worrying such contemptible wretches, the advocates for the stage would boldly attack one of its most formidable accusers—all the more formidable from his being the very antipodes to "saints" and Methodists. Yes, even the libertine Ovid amuses himself in pelting at the poor stage. One would think that he had just been

witnessing some "immensely attractive" ballet when he says:

> Nec satis incestis temerari vocibus aures;
> Adsuescunt oculi multa pudenda pati.
>
> * * * *
>
> Quoque minus prodeat scena est lucrosa poetis.

Coming from such a quarter, this is a particularly unpleasant, and very staggering charge. What is to be said to it? Why that this passage occurs in the poet's *Tristia*, which he composed when in a most blue-devilled mood, consequently that, as might be expected, it is very *sorry* stuff.

SUPERLATIVE. This form of the adjective is greatly affected by the fair sex, and their male copyists. With them, what is not the very best of its kind, must be the very worst, and *vice versâ*. Besides adjectives in the superlative, they moreover have a strong predilection in favour of what may be termed superlative expressions. Thus, a woman is said to be either "a most lovely creature," or "a perfect fright." A gown is quite "a dear of a dress,"

or "an absolute scarecrow." A new bonnet "the most delightful;" an old one "the most detestable thing, imaginable."

VICE. A term nearly expunged from our language, thanks to the increasing virtue of the age! Now-a-days, only those quadruped of the equine race, called horses, have "vices;" among bipeds—at least among English, they are unknown. Foibles and frailties, indiscretions, and weaknesses, constitute the full extent of our enormities. Incredible as it may seem, even Napoleon could hardly find a trumpery little peccadillo of which to repent. And of course, with all the desire in the world to be penitent, people cannot become so, if they actually have nothing to be penitent for.

UNFORTUNATE. This epithet has now quite superseded all those shockingly offensive ones, of which our unpolished and semibarbarian forefathers made use. There are now no bad women in the world; they are only "unfortunate." If a man ruins his family and disgraces his connexions, we only shake our heads, and say that he is "unfortunate." Nay,

it is related of an ultra-charitable philosopher, now living, that he never speaks of a certain infernal personage by any other style than that of

THE GREAT UNFORTUNATE.

ORD'S CURSE ON SCOTLAND.

"Let me not be savage on her ladies—but are they not the most high-cheek-boned of the high-cheek-boned—the most prim of the prudish—the most reserved of the mock-modest—the most persevering of dram-drinkers? Her young men, are they not very braggadocios to the fearful, and veriest slaves and cowards to the valiant? Her old men, are they not the vilest Mammon-hunters under the sun? She is altogether rotten, hollow, and putrid at the very core."—*See "Britain," an Historical Poem, by John Walker Ord. Lond.* 1834.

Well! on my word, Mr. J. W. Ord!
With a vengeance poor Scotland you have
clapper-claw'd;
Against her you've utter'd so direful a curse,
That even Ernulphus's* hardly was worse.
Oh, fie! Mr. Ord, pray of what were you
thinking,
When you *thought* fit t' accuse the Scotch
ladies of drinking,

* See Tristram Shandy.

Making mouths up at *scruples*, yet gulping
down *drams!*
For so vilely traducing such innocent lambs,
Your head should be batter'd 'twixt two
battering-rams.
Most high-cheek-boned they may be, yet why
should you show
To the world that your own tongue 's most
shamefully low? [about,
Nay, as to high bones—mind what you are
Or your bones they will break, and your eyes
they'll scratch out.

What the deuce! too, could make you so
terribly *disky**
As to open your mouth as you've done *against*
whisky?†

* By poetical licence, *Disky* is here used instead of *Discous*, which epithet, as our dictionaries inform us, means Broad or Flat; in either or both of which significations it is applicable enough to Mr. O.; for his language is broad and plain enough of all reason, and he himself will probably be considered a flat, though no flatterer.

† Ord says: "Whisky-drinking has demoralized

According to your very odd way of thinking,
A very odd "habit" that same whisky-drinking,
Ill suited to cover the land's nakedness,
And most unfit, in short, for dress or undress.
Their dear "mountain-dew" can't you let them imbibe,
Without taunting them so with your jeer and your jibe?
Why were they, in fact, of the Devil's own tribe,
As you seem to suppose, still you should keep in view
The old proverb, which says, "Give the Devil his *due*."
For my part I think, too, beyond all dispute,
That the "habit" and people each other well suit,

Scotland from one end to the other. Whisky-drinking is the *habit* of the Scottish people, from the banquet of their nobles, to the dunghills of their half-starved peasantry," &c. The specimens here produced are by no means the "strongest samples" of his vituperative style, some of which are very far "above proof."

For we've only to cut out the C from the Scottish,
And we clearly see then that the nation is sottish.

But, alas! Mr. Ord, quite a wrong name *you*'ve got,
Because we all plainly see that Awed you're not,
So fearlessly do you blurt out your opinions
'Bout the folks in that part of the British dominions.
'Tis we who are awed—altogether dismay'd,
At the virulence awful which you have display'd.
Nay, if you don't henceforth your malice eschew,
You'll be more than Ord, for you'll be abh-*Orr'd*, too.

Go, Mr. John Walker Ord, you'd best walk off,
Since, if you continue at such rate to scoff

At Scotch men and Scotch lassies, and also
Scotch drink,
You yet something may catch of which you
little think.
'Twas a wonder, I vow, 'mong your libellous
stuff, [snuff!
You did not introduce some abuse of Scotch
But let me advise you—pray take to your
heels,
Or to a Scotch fiddle you'll dance some
Scotch reels.
You rancorous fellow, such wipes you have
given 'em,
I am sure that to madness you must have
quite driven 'em.
You venomous *wiper*, be off, or they'll make
You look very soon like a poor *scotched*
snake.
And they'll say, and say truly, i'faith, after all,
That your "England" turns out to be nothing
but GALL!

ODE

TO JAMES SMITH, ESQ., AND THE GARRICK CLUB.

"And call back the Drama to glory again."
J. SMITH.

THE Drama *to glory is gone!*
Nor will all your bellowing strain,
Though you bellow with might and with main,
The spirit recal that is flown,
And bring it *from* glory again.

Oh! rather a requiem sing,
Chant a dirge to its memory due;
But should you drink till all is blue,
Palavering and drinking won't bring
That *from* glory, or glory *to* you.

Ye have heard of Laputa's wise men,
Who fancied they could make good meat
From the *manes* of dinners so unsweet,
That they ne'er could be dinners agen:
You're now trying for such kind of feat.

When old women can be ground young,
A silk purse be made of a sow's ear;
When coats shall grow newer by wear;
When my wife shall to *fust* make her tongue;
The Drama shall then re-appear.

When ——— shall gambling forsake;
When Thompson and Fearon shall cheer
Both Temperance and Lord Gambier;
When the stage off its *spectacles* take;
The Drama may then see more clear.

When Sussex shall burn all his Bibles;
When at dinners no nonsense folks clack;
When those *guards* are admir'd who're
black;
When ——— shall write no more libels;
The Drama again may come back.

When Drury's and t' other *saloons*
Shall be filled with vestals and nuns;
When debtors run after their duns;
When waltzes are danc'd to psalm-tunes;
When we Hoods shall abjure our puns;

When Oliver paints no more nuts,
And his apples and oranges quits;
When Almacks' is crowded with cits,
Country cousins, and old-fashion'd puts;
The Stage may recover its wits.

When gin-shops approve of the spirit
Which Buckingham t'wards them displays;
When Yankees a statue shall raise
To Dame Trollope, and cry up her merit,
'Stead of puppet-show, we may have plays.

When ———'s divorced from puff;
When Court Magazines *cut* their crop
Of mawkishness and dull slipslop,
Which, if not ripe, is sure rank enough,
The Drama may come.—Will it stop?

Aye: if "Robert the Devil" were damn'd,
And all devils voted a bore;
Were no singers to squall, no lions to roar;
Were the House to hear Congreve quite cramm'd,
The Drama might flourish once more.

But Massinger now would be hiss'd,
And Jonson or Ford scarcely heard;
While Giovanni's to Comus preferr'd;
And the Drama has had such a twist,
That to think of it makes one's blood curd.

Prodigiously *large* is the stage,
Prodigiously *little* its writers,
Of small talk and big words mere inditers;
While the Managers, geese without sage,
Try by nonsense alone to delight us.

Oh! why should we prate o'er the dead?
'Twere more decent our cackling to cease,
Nor make ourselves also appear sageless geese.
The soul of the Drama for ever is fled!
Let its carcass be buried in peace.
For though all your lungs till they crack you should strain,
Ye will never recal it *from* glory again!

ODE

ON THE PROPOSED BAR-BAROUS TREATMENT OF TEMPLE BAR.

HARK! how the "Morning Herald" groans,*
In wondrously pathetic tones;
Crying to th' astonish'd town,
"Temple Bar is coming down!—
That monument of taste so grand,
Palladium, too, of Cockney Land!"
How sad, that such a noble gate,
Where kings were wont to knock in state,
Should itself be knock'd in pieces
By folks, whose taste is worse than geese's!
Preferring to such *gate* the vile
And truly barbarous Gothic *style!*

* When assuring its readers the other day that the catastrophe so strongly deprecated by the "Herald," as an act of wanton Vandalism, will now shortly take place, the "Globe" adds its own opinion of the structure itself. "Although," it says, "built according to a plan of Sir Christopher Wren's, it is a heavy lump, devoid of taste, and without any pretension to architecture."

Really, it is monstrous hard,
That Cockney Land should be de*barr'd*
Of so much beauty, grac'd with mud,
That seems as old as the days of Lud!
For, after having pull'd down Ludgate,
The wretches now won't let stand Mudgate!

No wonder that the "Herald" 's scar'd:
No longer barr'd, the town 'll be bar'd;
Shorn of its *locks*, its bolts, and all:
Since 'tis decreed, whate'er befal,
That Temple Bar—ah! lack-a-day!
Turn'd bar indeed, must *bolt* away!

Now,—confusion worse confounded,—
No longer by that barrier bounded,
Th' East will be jumbled with the West,
Which surely is beyond a jest;
And, what of griefs is not the least,
The West be jumbled with the East.
Once depriv'd of Temple Bar,
That sure and fixed polar star,
We have no guide by which to steer,
Nor know if we be here or there,

But shall about be sadly bandied.
Extremes will meet,
And poor *Fleet* Street
Will certainly be *Strand*ed.
Guildhall may to St. James's walk;
St. James's may to Wapping stalk,
With nought to bar their way:
The Monument itself may stride
To Carlton Place, and, side by side,
That and York's pillar talk,
Or else together *play*.

Oh, Temple Bar! 'tis really grievous
To think that thou at last must leave us!
Many would rather spare by far,
Than thee, Old Bailey's noted bar.
Yet what avails my dolorous ditty?
There is no pity
In the city;
Nor any taste for that antique
More antic than the ancient Greek;
No taste at present, I opine,
For what is really very fine:

All cut and carv'd, and carv'd and cut,
With nice tit-bits together put,
As good an architectural hash
As any made by Mister Nash,*
Who finds us taste so long as we find
cash.

Thou, like St. Paul's, my Temple Bar,
Hast now a *doom*, from that though different
far:
For thine, although it hath no ceiling,
Is *seal'd*, by folks devoid of feeling;
And stamped, till we stamp again,
And strain our Muse in elegiac strain.

* Although truly contemptible as a Royal palace, the *Nashional* edifice in St. James's Park is sufficiently characteristic of us, as a "nation of shopkeepers," it being Regent Street hashed up again,—a second, but not an improved, edition of it. To make palaces like shops is one matter; to make shop-like palaces another, and less commendable one. Excepting its name, there is nothing palatial about it; for the taste it displays is neither palatial nor palatable.

Yet vainly do we weep and rave,
Since nought thy beauteous pile may save.
Enough!—Thou hast our tears,—no more we say,
For thou thyself, alas! wilt soon be *tear*'d away!

SAM. ROGERS, Esq.

TO HER GRACE OF ———.

If Tommy Moore's doctrine be true,
And a sigh be a "passport to heaven,"
Why then, my dear Duchess, to you
Hath more than one passport been given.

So many indeed, I declare,
We might you a monopolist call:
Sure, some for your friends you might spare,
Since you've *size*, faith, enough for them all.*

* Although this volume is not a pic-nic concern,—no firm of "Robin Hood and Co.," although many pressing solicitations, from several of the "most distinguished writers of the day," to be allowed to become contributors to it, have been resisted with as much of the *suaviter et firmiter* as possible; and although I have no occasion, as my readers will allow, to beg, or even accept puns, it was impossible to withstand the eloquent and touching *note* which accompanied the above production;—a note, better than all my notes and text put together.

FRANKENSTEINISM;

OR, THE MODERN PYGMALION.

A FRAGMENT.—DEDICATED TO MRS. SHELLEY.

* * * * * TRULY dreary was the night: the low moaning wind seemed to bear along with it at intervals the hollow voices of disquieted spirits; ever and anon the rain beat furiously against the window; yet I heeded not the sullen rage of the elements abroad, so intensely was I occupied in the last process of an experiment, to which I had devoted all the energies of my soul. Unweariedly addicted to romantic lore from my very childhood, long had I theorised upon the possibility not only of revivifying the inert form in which the vital principle had been extinguished by death, but of compounding together, and afterwards animating, the members of a body, which had not previously existed in the same human frame. There lies no great difficulty, thought I, in the mere construction of the figure; but how afterwards

to animate it seems likely ever to remain as occult a mystery to me as it is to many novelists, who are fain to pass off their straw-stuffed and frequently most grotesquely scare-crow puppets for living men and women. In vain did I search in every work of wonder-working *diablerie* for some hint respecting the ingredients forming the contents of mystic phials, whose smallest drop would suffice to make a corpse start bolt upright; but, no, not one of them,—not even the tale of the "Mortal Immortal," afforded me the least assistance in my praiseworthy and interesting inquiries. Driven to despair, in the bitterness of my heart, I accused them one and all of being what in vulgar parlance would be termed "dead take-ins"—humbugging fictions, intended merely to scare old women into a fit of the blue-devils.

At length an idea presented itself to me,—why do I say, "presented itself?" It darted through my brain—through every nerve; it fired all my frame—my whole soul. I really wonder I did not go off like a gun: so instan-

taneously did it flash upon me, that I could not tell whether it struck my upper regions first, or entered at my great toe. I suspect the latter to have been the case, because it was certainly more elevating than depressing. To the first paroxysm of rapturous exultation succeeded a cold, clammy doubt,—if the reader understands what that is. If the thing be so exceedingly simple, thought I, wherefore should those people have made such an infinite mystery of it, cruelly mystifying their readers to no purpose? But, then, reason again convinced me that I must be right; and that for me had been reserved the glorious distinction of revealing to the world what ignoramuses had merely jostled against, without stopping to find out what it was.

Ought I to reveal it? At least, ought I to reveal it yet, before the reader has earned some right to so important a secret, by accompanying me to the end of these memoirs? Yes! I scorn to be indebted merely to his interested curiosity, and to betray a cowardly distrust of being able to entice him further

on, after I shall have disclosed to him the grand arcanum. The thought, then, which, as I have said, flashed upon me, was, that if any life-bestowing elixir existed in nature,—if it was not altogether a nonsensical vagary, such elixir could not possibly be aught else than—*Eau de Vie!*

I cogitated,—I pondered upon this sole idea day after day, and night after night; and might have gone on so pondering and cogitating all the days and nights of my life, had it not been for another idea, quite as brilliant as the first. It suddenly struck me that I might perhaps emancipate myself from my agitating state of interminable doubt, and set the question at rest without more ado, by bringing it to the test of experiment. This resolution once formed, I had only to bethink me how I would put it into practice. Not having Old Cobbett's "bone-grubbing" propensities; feeling, indeed, an unconquerable repugnance to ransacking either the charnel-house or dissecting-room for the *raw* materials, afterwards to be made up and manu-

factured by me, I conceived
truly, that far less disgusti
answer the purpose quite as
from the extreme of doubt
extreme of confidence, I f
assured within myself, that it
as easy to animate a figure
artificial limbs as of half put
sides, as I could not be quite
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figure; or, for the matter of th
made my first experiment up
However, I did neither the on
and that for a reason which,
(in more senses of the word t
to be perfectly satisfactory, n
the thought entirely escaped

therefore, I only acted as people almost invariably do in romances, having recourse to all sorts of stratagems, shifts, and expedients, in order to effect what ordinary mortals would set about in a very different way.

My first care was to purchase a handsome pair of cork arms, and another of cork legs; the latter modelled, as the maker assured me, after Madame Vestris's. Having furnished myself with the requisite number of well-shaped limbs, I thought I could not do better than adopt for the torso of my figure a real *trunk*, duly proportioned to the limbs themselves. It will perhaps be apprehended that such a body would be but a very unshapely and clumsy affair; but, knowing how many "fine figures" are entirely made up by padding and bolstering, I was nothing daunted at the very odd appearance mine made, when I first fastened on the limbs to the aforesaid trunk. By padding, stuffing, and "bustling," I very soon succeeded in bestowing on my handiwork the true Hogarthian line of beauty, and that graceful Correggio-like undulation

of curving contour, which is so very different from the curvature of the spine.

Perhaps it may not be amiss here to state parenthetically, that the being whom I designed to call into existence was to be of the female sex; and a truly all-perfect creature,—a phœnix of beauty, a model for all future poets and novelists, from which they might borrow charms for their mistresses and heroines. Yes, like the late Thomas Day, of Sandford-and-Merton and wife-educating celebrity, I resolved upon manufacturing for myself a fair partner entirely to my own mind, and, as I hoped, with far better success. However, let me not anticipate.

Having so far succeeded to my most sanguine hopes, I now set about forming the head, and that most important part of a lady's head—the face. As good luck would have it, I had by me a very neat skull, which graced the mantel-piece of my study, and which gave, as I fancied, a very Byronian air both to the apartment and to myself, as the owner of it. In my first eagerness, I had nearly

committed a little oversight, forgetting that a skull should have brains; not, indeed, that they are absolutely indispensable, since we find there are so many in the world who contrive to shift very well without them. Upon reflection, however, I thought that my work would do me more credit if I were to throw in something of the kind. Accordingly, I ordered my cook to prepare a very nice dish of calf's brains and sage; for, as I have already said, I have a horror of the dissecting-room, and thought that the kitchen would serve my turn equally well. As for dissection, the only species I could ever endure is that which consists in carving, or, to speak more scientifically, in anatomising a fowl, or in cutting up an author, who, of course, is very *fair* game.

Well, of the brains thus skilfully prepared I was by no means sparing, but completely filled up the cavities of the skull, not leaving a single one for any stray whims and odd fancies. The face and neck were speedily furnished by a mask, extending so as to form a most "superb bosom." With the aid of

Pearl-powder and Oriental Bloom, I soon bestowed upon these so lustrous a complexion,—so very far surpassing all the "ivory," "snow," "lilies," and "roses," with which rhymers are wont to deck out their beauties, till they look very little better than a compound of chalk and cherry-juice, that I was almost staggered—perhaps I should say intoxicated—by the more than mortal charms my thirsty eyes drank in. A most superb *chevelure*,—quite a *chef d'œuvre* of female wigs, that I had ordered from those truly ingenious artists, Messrs. Ross, of Bishopsgate Street Without,* completed the lovely *tout*

* These ingenious and deservedly celebrated artists have been most scurvily treated by that Tory wig-hater, Mr. Theodore Hook, in his nonsensical tale of Gervase Skinner. Well may it be called nonsensical: because the hero of it has the misfortune to have his head shaved, through mistake, at a private asylum for lunatics, he makes him afterwards act like a real lunatic, and tie up his bald pate with a pocket-handkerchief, instead of sending off an express to Bishopsgate Street for one of those "fac-similes of nature," which brave the closest scrutiny of the most malicious eyes. Really, Mr. Hook

ensemble: not vile carrotty locks, which poetry tries to dignify by the epithet "golden," but raven tresses; in such profusion too, as to satisfy the most *ravenous* taste for that species of beauty. One thing I had almost forgotten to observe, is, for the eyes I made use of real "diamonds;" for stars were unluckily beyond my reach, except those indeed which are worn, not on the brow of "ebon Night," but on the breasts of knights of the other sex. Such sparklers were they, that the rays they shot forth were not metaphorically, but literally, quite dazzling. Another thing, which I had altogether forgotten until my figure was completed, was—a tongue. Thus had I, through my carelessness, robbed my fair "intended" of what is

allowed his anti-wig prejudices to carry him beyond the bounds of rationality and common sense on that occasion. Messrs. Ross would have done well to have given him, not a handsome peruke, but a very ugly *scratch*, in return for his own unhandsome behaviour; and if that had had no effect, they should have "scalped" him *sans ceremonie*.

the great privilege, if not always the greatest ornament, of her sex. It was not indeed absolutely too late even then to correct my blunder; but I did not care to disarrange or disturb in the least what was now otherwise perfect. Besides, I comforted myself that it was *tant mieux*, and that, after all, my propitious star, rather than mishap, had so ordained.

All that I had now to do was to wait patiently for some tremendously bad weather; being aware that it was quite and "clean" contrary to established rule in such cases, were I to attempt the final operation at any other time. After a severe trial of my patience,—for, although there was no lack of dull and wet weather, yet it was all of too everyday and prosaic a cast to suit my purpose,—the night I have described arrived; and the higher the wind rose, the luckier "windfall" for me did I consider it.

Before me, recumbent on a couch, lay the yet unconscious figure,—"a thing of loveliness," a very "phantom of delight," arrayed not only in all the perfection of female beauty,

but also decently, and—what is better—fashionably attired, according to the latest mode; for I had wisely left all arrangements respecting external habiliments to that celebrated artist, Madame ——, who, to do her justice, had achieved a dress, in which innocent coquettishness and coquettish simplicity vied with each other. To confess the truth, I was almost jealous of her skill, when I found that my work was at last infinitely more indebted to her skill than to my own. There *She* or *It*—for it is hardly possible to be strictly grammatical in such very peculiar cases—lay, in such perfect placidity, that I almost repented me of my intention to disturb it. Everything was now prepared: in a "mystically shaped" vial I held the life-giving elixir, when the first stroke of a clock from a neighbouring church announced that midnight had arrived. My bosom throbbed with a thousand conflicting emotions, as I began to let fall, drop by drop, into the mouth of the figure the life-inspiring fluid. Durst I believe the evidence of my eyes? Yes: *It* stirred—*It*

moved—*It* raised itself up—and so too did my hair, as soon as *It* opened *its* eyes, which had, after being first put in, been kept closed. Their glare was not only preternatural, but so truly horrible, that I regretted I had not made choice of "gooseberry eyes," "cat's eyes," "needles' eyes," or any eyes rather than diamond ones. Mustering up my courage, I at length ventured to address the fearful *It*—for woman I cannot call it; but what I said, I am quite unable now to recollect. The she *It* opened its mouth to its widest possible extent; but, as tongue there was none, what ought to have been words were merely rumbling, rattling sounds, proceeding from the empty "trunk;" and, although most ludicrously unseemly in themselves, they filled me with horror and disgust.

What was to be done? I implored—I commanded silence, equally in vain. The sounds rushed forth faster and faster. Shame, rage, despair, prompted me also to rush—out of the room in a perfect agony. I leaped down stairs with infinitely greater agility than I had

ever before exerted. But my flight was vain; for the horrible monster pursued, and continued to pursue me, even after I had made my way into the street. The rain was falling in torrents; I therefore hoped that, if the creature had any thing feminine in its composition, it would be deterred from further pursuit by the dread of spoiling its finery,—of having its complexion, perhaps, washed away. Vain hope! It tracked me, turn after turn, through the deserted streets, still uttering the same shockingly offensive sounds. As for myself, I knew not which way to turn at all. What was now to be done? There was no time for deliberation; yet something must be done, and that, too, *instanter*. At that instant, a gleam of hope shot across the despair of my mind. I resolved upon having recourse to the last remaining and sole expedient employed by novel-writers, in all similar extremities: I staggered—I reeled—I fainted

* * * * * * *

NOTE FROM CHRISTOPHER CRAB, ESQ.

My Dear Archer,

I have perused the enclosed (Frankensteinism), and plainly tell you it is not *brimstony* enough to please the palates of those who have a taste for the "raw-head-and-bloody-bones" school. It lacks something of the genuine "fee-fa-fum" pathos,—of the "worms-that-crawl-in-and-the-worms-that-crawl-out" sentiment and expression. However, there is one good joke in it, if people are but clever enough to find it out; which is, that you have contrived to come to a full stop without coming to a full point, or any *point* at all.

Most crabbedly yours,

C. C.

P.S. I am glad you have brought in a rap at Hook, in regard to his scurviness towards the innocent wigs. By-the-by, if you want notes to your book, you cannot do better than appoint me your annotator-general. Gall and wormwood would be absolutely milk and honey, compared with the devilry I would put into them.

Now that it is so like Kit Crab!—No "point" forsooth!

THE MODERN BARD.

THAT poetry's madness all mortals agree,
Yet in poets, sometimes, we some merit may see:
Imprimis, a poet aye scorns filthy gain,
For Horace has said so, and therefore 'tis plain.
Tho' for copyright of his fancies and feelings,
A hard bargain he drives with the Row, in his dealings;
To his publisher seems not much unlike a Jew,
And his virtue a *vice* with most powerful screw.
Still that he were sordid a crime 'twere to hint,
Or that gold overcomes his reluctance to print.
A poet, of temperance wont is to vapour,
But his temperance he wisely confines to his paper.
He vows that the crystalline stream excels wine,
Yet never objects off three courses to dine;

Toasts his host in madeira, nor does he complain
Tho' drenched with claret, or even champagne.
His poetical charmers are all very pretty,
Perhaps simple enough, and stripp'd too, *à la* Etty.
Yet, tho' he's in raptures with Nature's costume,
He can flirt with My Lady's Circassian Bloom,
And altho' his own tastes to a cottage incline,
Can put up with a drawing-room ever so fine.
Of flowers he raves, yet contrives to endure
The scents mix'd with nonsense—aye, nonsense most pure,
That wafted thro' boudoir from attar of roses,
Must surely distress unsophisticate noses;
Not scents which Dame Nature sends forth from her sweet
Stores of perfume, her sensitive votaries to greet,
But scents that have just been sent home from Bond Street.

As of old, so our bard is th' instructor of youth,
Yet such are his lessons, that in honest sooth,
Their worth is most doubtful; he fans young desires,
And kindles—we cannot say quite vestal, fires.
Tho' warm his descriptions, tho' luscious his verse,
His language is chaste, his style pure and terse;
So let prudes of both sexes exclaim "meretricious!"
Each drawing-room echoes, "delightful! delicious!"
Let old prosers prove that his doctrine is vicious,
So graceful 's his language, so winning his lore,
That we can do no less than cry "Bravo! encore!"
Young raptures surround him, and hallow his Muse;
And save frigid stoics, their praise none refuse.

With decorum and virtue, fine feelings dispense,
And keen sensibility needeth not sense.
Our portrait so striking is, 'twould be a shame
Did folks doubt who 'tis meant for, or ask for
his name;
Since the reader, unless he's an absolute gander,
Must recognise here the illustrious Sir Pander.

ODE TO UDE.

"Juventus
Haud tantum Veneris quantum studiosa *culinæ*."

*Over*DONE INTO ENGLISH.

A hopeful youth, who would the benison
Of Venus' son exchange for venison.

"I hope I don't intrude"
Unseasonably on thee, Ude,
Learned Professor
Of the kitchen-dresser,
For there 'd be no reason in—
Perhaps some treason in
So *seizing on* one who is so skilled in *seasoning*.
The fact is,
"The Muse too long her tribute hath delay'd,"
Nor yet hath paid
Her compliments to thee, and to thy practice;
Leaving to paltry prose to prate thy name,
(Which is great shame!)

Instead of her rehearsing
Thy glory noble verse in.
Excuse her, for she is a maid,
Perhaps a little of a prude,
And therefore rather shy of folks like you,
Since it is most unquestionably true,
My worthy Ude,
That thou art given to be lewd—
Frown not, I merely mean addicted to the *stews*,
—I do not mean addicted to bad courses,
Quite the reverse, because, in fact, truth forces
Me to confess that every "course" of thine,
So far from being coarse, is very fine.
Carnal thou art, beside, and fleshy, of the flesh
Whether it be *salted* or be *fresh*,
Thy counsels are not ghostly,
Or rather, mostly
Quite the reverse, I must declare,
—Nay, do not scowl,
Save when thou treatest of the *soul* of a fowl,
Making a *foul* soul, which really is not *fair*.

Again, thou art too fond of *roasting*,
A kind of wit the Muses don't affect,
Altho' they don't object
To *toasting*.
My Muse will give thee leave her Muse-ship, sure, to toast,
As often as thou shalt desire,
But shouldst thou roast her, thee in turn she'll roast
Until thou burn with ire.

Then, besides roast, thou hast, I ween,
Also too much of boil.
My Muse, devoid of guile,
Hath neither *bile* nor spleen.
Of spleen hath not,
I'm sure, a jot
In her whole composition.
She's rather thought too meek and tame,
Of folks ne'er maketh game,
Nor, fowler-like, befouls them by derision.
Thou art too peppery and hot—

I won't say quarrelsome, yet fond of *broils;*
My Muse is not a Mrs. *Fry,*
Nor doth she rival Mr. *Pye;*
Poor Jemmy, who's now resting from his
" Birthday" toils,
Ought to have been thy *laureate;* or that
subtler,
Tart, yet most pleasant Samuel *Butler.*
Alas! the Muses, and those, too, who follow
The Muses' trade, are apt to be too hollow
In their insides: they get more puffing
By far than stuffing;
Whence it should seem, their brains are
shallow,
To let their stomachs lie so fallow.
The Muses muse not on the *mysteries* of the
kitchen,
Nor study thee, its *master,*
The which, in
My poor judgment, 's rather a disaster:
They feed on fancies—nay, full oft on air,
Diet most spare,
And literally most *rare,*
Yet not like thine bewitching.

They feed not on ragout, but sonnet,
Diet so bad, most folks would *die* upon it.
Ude, 'tis no use the truth to be concealing,
I fear me much thou hast no feeling
For poetry or beauty. I protest
Thou to the *fairest bosom* would a *breast*
Of *fowl* prefer; and to the finest lines,
—E'en to my own, in which such spirit shines,
Thou wouldst prefer, O! man of steel,
A single *loin* of veal.
You cooks, withal, are a most *saucy* race;
Your sauces clearly prove such is the case.
Nor can your salt be termed *Attic*,
—Should curiosity ask "why?" I tell her,
In tone emphatic,
Because your salt belongs to the salt-*cellar;*
Therefore 's too *low*, I do opine,
For any Muse, especially for mine.
Nay, I am such a knave, I
Am of opinion that thy gravity
If not thy suavity,
Lies all in *gravy*.

"Thy *gravest* meditations centre there."
If, as I've said, thou carest not for beauty,
It also is my duty
To own no fair on earth can we compare
With thy delicious *bills of fare.*
Which I for one am willing
T' exchange for lovers' cooing and *billing.*
Not Venus' *turtles* rival thine,
Made into soup, that sings "Oh, come and dine!"
Thy *pigeons,* too, thou clothest, that is, dos't *dress* 'em—
Poor devils, much they dressing need:
So cruelly does Crockford pluck 'em, aye, indeed,
Strip them quite bare, for which they don't quite bless him.
And as for dressing *hare*—'tis certain
No hair-dresser is more expert in
That art, than thou, my Ude,
Who with such various talents art endued,
Besides, unless I'm much mistaken
Thou studiest *Bacon*—

If not the *Lord*, at least the *lard;*
And as a critic cuttest up *Hogg*,
Ill-fated bard.
E'en Smollett's Pickle, that droll dog,
Is by thy pickles far excell'd.
As a linguist too thou'rt justly held
In great esteem; Professor Lee
And Doctor Boring both must yield to thee;
All *tongues* thou knowest, save those tongues
"Unknown,"
Which Parson Irving claimeth as his own;
Both tongue of calf, and tongue of the rein-deer,
Thou'rt skill'd in:—Halt, while here,
I say I really wish you'd teach my *dear*
Her tongue to *rein*,—
Give it a *bit* when in its running vein;
For such a *morsel* would I bless
Thee, Ude, as I'm a sinner,
For that sweet bit exchange the daintiest dinner
Thyself could dress,
And by the bargain deem myself a winner.
Your humdrum tasteless folks
May talk of Captain Cook; but thou of cooks

Art sure the Captain—I might say the King,
—In short thou'rt up to everything.
Prints and engravings are but "all my eye;"
They're trash that will not satisfy
A hungry stomach; while thy plates delight
Those who have either taste or appetite;
Especially when, to crown our wishes,
To thy plates thou addest dishes;
Both fill us with a sympathy harmonic,
Inspiring love that really is *platonic*.
And as for history—none I vow
Can be more conversant than thou,
With the *Food*al system, any how.
Again, thou rivallest Taglioni's capering,
(About which there was so much vapouring
In all the Papers,)
By thy far cheaper *capers*.
Would I could add, by way of sequel,
That thou dost also equal
In thy *flummery*
That of some critics noted for *hum-hummery*.
The bard a flat is
Who deems his Chloes equal to thy *Patties*.

Thy tarts, thy pies,
I don't much prize.
At school I had Greek Π enough;
But Ude, sweet Ude, bestow on me a *puff*.
Then in nobler strain I'd sing:
Lo! where Ude standeth like a king,
" Begirt with barons bold"—of *beef*.
His crest he rears
Like an ancient chief,
Amidst his rich compôtes of *pears*.
Of thy gammon, and thy trifles, not a word
Should from my lips be heard.
I say no more, lest I be deem'd a *bore*
—Not of Westphalia, nor half so good,
But greater bore than ever yet was Hood.
All that I add, O Ude, most rare,
To crown thy glory,
And end my story,
Is this: thy Bill doth suit both Whig and Tory,
All *parties* pleases: one and all declare
That the Reform Bill yields to thy *dear* BILL of FARE!

Then grant me but a single boon,
And grant it soon,—
Pray give my Muse a saddle her Pegasus to put on,
For I am sure 'twill be an excellent SADDLE of MUTTON!

TO THE ARCH-BIBLIOPOLIST.

ALTHO' "Thee" art a little starch,
Precise, and formal too,
Nathless I like thee well, Friend Arch;
Yea, verily I do.

Thou'rt not the Arch which Mister Nash
Hath built—tho' why, none knows,*
And which, when we think on the cash
It cost, doth arch our brows.

* As a screen to the miserable piece of architecture behind it, this "Triumphal Arch" is altogether too small, while its own taste is such that it requires to be screened in its turn by something else. Although patronized by the aristocratical George the Fourth, Mr. Nash appears to have been a terrible "leveller"—a shocking puller-down as well as a shocking builder-up, here; he having made this was to have been a new wonder of the world—this "magnificent" agglomeration of Grecian pillars and porticos, look excessively plebeian, and contemptibly dowdy. For putting what they were pleased to represent as an extinguisher upon the Church

Thou'rt not the Arch of Constantine,
Which some folks cry up still,
As being wonderfully fine;
—But Arch art, of Cornhill.

"Thee" art no Arch to bow and bend,
Or curve thy back;—Oh, fie!
"Thee" 'd scorn my upright, broad-brimm'd friend
To be an Arch awry.

in Langham Place, Mr. N. had the honour of being caricatured. What treatment, then, does he deserve now, when we find that he clapped an extinguisher—and such a horribly expensive one, on his Royal patron's reputation for taste, on his own character as an architect, and upon the reasonable expectations of the "enlightened" public. Let him, however, have full credit for the exquisite ingenuity he has displayed in squandering away so many hundreds of thousands, without making any "pompous" display about it, but rather exercising his genius by stealth.—I do not wish to trick myself out in either stolen or borrowed plumes, and therefore inform the reader, that for the pith of this note he is indebted not to me, but to my very worthy and worthily esteemed friend, Kit Crab.

No;—archery belongs to me;
So tho' "Thee" art the starcher
Of the two, "Thee" must agree,
Friend Arch, that I'm the Archer.

An archer, too, whose arrows fly
As whim—I won't say wit,
Takes aim; and yet tho' hard I try,
I may not always hit.

A miss, 'tis true, I must expect,
Will sometimes prove my lot;
—Yet from such Misses fate protect
A wight who loves them not.

This time my shaft intends no hurt;
Quite harmless 'tis, I trow;
Altho' there are folks who assert
Mine's always a *cross*-bow.

To such report, Friend, give not heed
Nor suffer 't me to lower
In thy esteem; for now indeed
From Bow-man I'm turn'd Bower,—

A bower from which "Thee" may just pluck
This leaf, albeit no fruit,
Since fruit to have, I have not the luck,
—I've only *arrow-root*.

EPIGRAMS.

" The softer sex!"—we that could spare;
We rather want a sex more tough,
For whene'er woman's in the case,
Poor man is mostly *soft* enough.

The mill that grinds old women young,
Has not, alas! yet been found out,
(Altho' fiction hath of it oft sung,)
But it may, if we mind what we're about:

For discoveries are made every day
Almost as surprising:—'tis true.
There's Braywell has found out the way
How to grind down old books into new.

SUPPOSED TO BE BY JOSEPH HAYNE, ESQ.

To what strange uses some their gear
Are very strangely pleased to put!
There's Harrington thinks fit to wear
His coronet upon his *foot!*

Ye namby-pamby painters of the day,
What a fine moral do *your* works display!
Teaching the world it should not go astray,
Nor from simple-mindedness depart,
For ye—'tis so, indeed, upon my soul!
—Don't think I mean to quiz ye, or be droll,
Ye are all artlessness,—yes, quite devoid
of *art*.

Poor Sir Andrew has sadly been quizzed
For his Bill to prevent Sunday trading,
By some folks, who consider the scheme
To be merely Quixottic crusading.

No harm can they see, they protest,
In bargains on Sundays or barters;
So, altho' they can not abide "Saints,"
'Tis quite plain they object not to *Marters*.

Ære perennius is our fame:
'Tis true—more true than funny,
Less to our credit than our shame.

For all it means in English plain,
Is that the fame we scribblers gain,
However brief, however vain,
Lasts longer than our *money*.

The lyre of Orpheus, tho' 'twas quite a wonder,
Was nothing at all to Sir Longbow Mac Thunder,
For a liar was he most profound.
And tho' he is gone, still his *Hic Jacet* says,
That as when on earth he lied *quick* all his days,
So now he *lies*, dead, underground.

Pray, why 's my wit a candle like?
—So odd a simile must strike,
Then try to guess its meaning—do;
Of course it sheds a brilliant light
Upon whatever theme I write,
Yet that is not the reason quite:
'Tis 'cause folks say,
As well some may,
That it is very *wicked* too.

ON A CERTAIN DEDICATION.

"Permit me to lay at your Majesty's *feet*
This volume," a phrase is that sounds most unmeet,
Because it might lead many folks to suppose
That Majesty reads books by aid of its toes.
Or meaneth the writer, by conscience sore pricked,
That his work ought by Majesty's feet to be kicked.

AMATEUR STUDIES.

Studies from Nature call you these!
What rocks! what houses, skies, and trees!
—"From Nature," true—there I agree,
And very far from 't, too, we see.

LINES PICKED UP NEAR THE ARCH IN ST. JAMES'S PARK.

'Twill be funny to see George astride
On horseback before his own hobby;
Yet should he turn his head on one side,
How he'll stare at that precious dear *jobby!*

If, then, we would wish him to stay,
His eyes we must closely blindfold;
For he'll gallop off in dismay,
Should he e'er Nash's Palace* behold.

Still not even that would avail,
Unless we blindfold his steed, too;
For a horse of good taste would turn tail,
Should he chance such a palace to view.

* "Of this horrible complication of blunders and botchings—this aggregation of contemptible littleness—of vulgar tawdriness and poverty, of meanness and trumpery, of solecism upon solecism, it is impossible to speak with any patience: uglier things there may be, but nothing so sneakingly pitiful, so truly abject, as this vile piece of jobbery. It has *gibbetted* the 'taste' of George the Fourth for ever."—*C. Crab.*

HYMNS IN PROSE,

NOT BY MRS. BARBAULD.

CHILD of Fashion! behold, to thee it is appointed to soar in the highest sphere of mortal destiny.

Leave the acquisition of wisdom to fools; for they most need it. Leave honesty and integrity, temperance and modesty, to the humdrum vulgarians who affect to attach importance to such ridiculous trifles.

Leave the acquisition of wealth to the soulless, grovelling wretches who drudge in the service of Mammon; who delight in scraping together golden dirt, or dirty acres.

Not these are thy toils; not such thy aims. To thee is assigned the nobler task of flinging away the dross accumulated by the sordid and the tasteless. Though ruin stare thee in the face, thou shalt smile at it undismayed.

Yea, thou shalt immolate thyself; nor thyself alone, but thy family—thy very offspring; yes, even the fame and honour of thy ances-

tors, in the cause of duty—in the sacred cause of Fashion.

Great and worthy are thy sacrifices,—sacrifices such as only the most devoted enthusiasm, the most disinterested benevolence, and the most generous ambition, could prevail upon the mortal weakness of humanity to offer up.

Health, reputation, the respect of the wise, the esteem of thy own bosom, and the tranquillity of thy own mind—these are the costly offerings thou layest on the altar of thy devotions.

And verily, great and noble is the meed that awaiteth thee. Thou shalt be one of the elect who are admitted into the paradise of "Almack's." Thou shalt breathe the pure atmosphere of empyrean haut ton. Thou shalt be squeezed in the very thickest of fashionable "squeezes;" thou shalt be *routed* nightly, yet never be discomfited thereby.

Bores shall encompass thee, yet shalt thou not quail. *Lions* shall congregate around thee, but they shall crouch before thee: nay,

they shall become even as the young of the hind, for they shall *fawn* in thy presence.

Lo! a still greater wonder shall ensue: lions shall be changed into asses before thee; even into braying asses, whose voices shall testify both thy exceeding power and thy exceeding worth.

Favoured art thou, O! Child of Fashion, above all the other sons and daughters of men. Remember, therefore, from whom thou deriveth thy peculiar excellence. Be not too much puffed up with thy own glory; but gratefully acknowledge the all-potent source whence thou derivest thy superior influence.

HYMN II.

Pleasant is it to behold how each labours in his appointed sphere; how all the members of the vast bee-hive we call the world, contribute every one his share towards the welfare of the whole community.

The husbandman tilleth the ground; the man-milliner *tilleth* his customer's cash. The

merchant dealeth in his merchandise; the whist-player dealeth his cards, and, mayhap, either gaineth or loseth a great deal thereby.

Even as the hunter goeth forth to the chace, so doth the prudent mamma go a husband-hunting for her daughter. She, too, layeth her toils for her game: for toils are the inheritance of mortality. Even so, too, do the legacy-hunter and the fortune-hunter lay their snares for gulls; and gullibility rewardeth their exertions by booty that is exceeding pleasant, if not fair.

Lo! how perseveringly the book-makers labour in their vocation. They hammer together books, even as the carpenter putteth together *his* wooden work.

Again, behold! how the manufacturers of verses weave that peculiar kind of stuff, vulgarly and improperly yclepęd poetry.

Even the poor miserable wretch who is unfit for anything else, contriveth to hammer out puns for the children of all sizes and all ages, who relish them better than wit.

Yes; he, too, the abject Paria of scribbler-

ship, at whom the writers of slip-slop turn up their sentimental noses, in disdain—he, too, laboureth—not so much pro bono publico, as that he may have wherewithal to pick a bone himself.

Child of Reason! wilt thou alone remain idle, where all else labour with might and main in their respective callings?

HYMN III.

The sun setteth! he has finished his daily course. Not so hath man, for he hath still to sit—down to his daily three courses.

Great is the sun, but the great man who so sitteth down, is still greater!

The sun setteth!—the nobodies and the brute beasts of the earth abandon themselves to the inertness of sleep. They resign themselves to sluggish supineness, they waste the precious hours of night in death-like torpidity.

Not so those beings of a superior order, who shine as stars in the firmament of Fashion. The morning of their day hath but

just commenced. The noon of night is their meridian hour.

Child of Nature! aspire thou, also, to elevate thyself above the nature of mere brutes, of the beasts of the field, and of the birds of the air. Child of Reason! irrational creatures are guided by mere instincts; it is for thee to be directed by intelligence and philosophy.

Snatch thou the golden hours of gas-lit night. Repair thou where a thousand tapers irradiate night, and make it lovely and beautiful—even as a younger and a brighter day!

Night was ordained, not for vulgar tasks or vulgar cares, but for that soul-ennobling toil which the vulgar deem Pleasure.

And wearisome and wretched indeed would such toil be, were it not sweetened by the delightful satisfaction arising from the consciousness of fulfilling the ends of our existence, as rational and accountable beings!

To smile where we scorn, to flatter where we hate;—to endure not only without a groan, but with unruffled cheerfulness, the adder-

stings of vexation, disappointment, envy, and mortification: — this far exceeds all the vaunted boasts of stoicism! This is the triumph of reason over the natural impulses and passions. This is the very consummation of philosophy!

Child of Nature and Mortality! strive thou also to become the chosen child of Reason and of Fashion.

THE R. A.'S

MONITORY AND MINITORY ADDRESSES TO LORD BYRON.

["I KNOW NOTHING OF PAINTING, AND I DETEST IT. I SPIT UPON AND ABHOR ALL THE SAINTS AND SUBJECTS, &c. OF ALL THE ARTS IT IS THE MOST ARTIFICIAL AND UNNATURAL, AND THAT BY WHICH THE NONSENSE OF MANKIND IS MOST IMPOSED UPON."—*Byron.*]

MOTTO.

"Facit indignatio versus:"

—Which interpreted aright,
Means that the meekest men will fight,
Make verses—write,
Just as they can—in any fashion,
When they are work'd up into a great passion.

ADDRESS THE FIRST.

Now, out upon thee! foul-mouth'd Byron!
Thou man of iron,

And irony most bitter,
With spleen all subjects tainting,
—Why dost thou rail at painting?
Nay, *spit* upon it?
To spit on literature and all its litter,
From epic down to sonnet,
Where far fitter.
In painting there is pain, no doubt,
Then why shouldst thou take pleasure
In pointing out
Its faults, unsparingly, and without measure?
Yes, without *measure*, for thou hast chose
To rail at it in vulgar prose.

Why shouldst thou poor painting flout,
And gracelessly turn up at it thy snout,
In tone judicial,
Altho' not judicious,
And with taste most vicious,
Styling it "unnatural,' and "artificial?"
Why treat so scurvily our Venuses and Graces,
Nay on our Saints themselves make war,
Protesting that thou dost abhor,
Thou profligate! their pious faces?

Why shouldst thou treat poor painting as a drab,
—Her reputation
By thy slander stab,
And woefully bespatter our vocation?
What is there, pray, in poetry so fine
That thou shouldst give thyself such monstrous airs?
—Whereby thou hast not earn'd our prayers.
Hardly can it be called divine,
—At least not poetry such as thine.
Of philtre more than charm in it is seen,
And yet it is no filtering-machine,
Being apter to make foul, than to make clean.
But this abuse, like all thy other cant,
Is merely maudlin, fustian rant,
And what is called "*all my eye!*"
Truly, it well becometh *thee* to sneer,
Thou peerless peer!
To hiss, foam, fume against hypocrisy!
No! nor by thy verse nor by thy prose
Canst thou on us impose:

Thou canst not gull us,
Thou paltry renegade,
Nor deceive by mere tirade.
Who was it, pray, first snubb'd the "Young Catullus,"
And set him down as one of Lechery's imps?
Strutted awhile a Cato most austere,—
And then thought fit to veer
Quite round, with such a turn,
That Cato stern—
Hey, Presto! turn'd into the Prince of Pimps?

Who was it, Byron, that first twitted
No less a man than Walter Scott,
With taking for a hero a mere rogue,
Compound of "poacher," "highwayman," what not;
Yet afterwards was so half-witted
As to bring into vogue,
By his own precious heroes,
Fellows half satyrs and half Neros?
Nay, then again
To the same Walter dedicated Cain,
That mystery of a mystified brain?

Who was it,—let us ask,
Having thought fit to take to task
With shocking rudeness
The mad Monk Lewis,*
(More properly, Monk Lewdness),
Of whom it, certes, true is

* In addition to what he says of Lewis, in the passage in his "English Bard," wherein he has enniched him, Lord Byron thus comments on him, in his "Journal."—"The descriptions (viz. in the Monk) ought to have been written by Tiberius at Caprea—they are forced—the *philtred* ideas of a jaded voluptuary. It is to me inconceivable how they could have been composed by a man only twenty—they have no nature—*all the sour cream of cantharides*. I should have suspected Buffon of writing them on the deathbed of his detestable dotage!" And this is from the author of Don Juan!!! Who then can deny that Byron was of apostates the very basest,—of hypocrites the most detestable?

Elsewhere, too, his lordship has given the world an admirable portrait of himself, although it was intended for another. Speaking of Burns, he exclaims: "What an antithetical mind!—tenderness, roughness—delicacy, coarseness—sentiment, sensuality—soaring and grovelling—dirt and deity—all mixed up in that one compound of inspired clay!"

That his skull
So far from being empty, was brimful
Of brimstone fancies, and whims most obscene,
—Who was it, having vented forth his spleen
On him, until he fairly funk'd him,
Must, like a monkey, afterwards out-Monk
him?

As bard of the Blue Devils thou didst
shine
Upon us, in thy earlier time;
And people thought thy Harold very fine:
So while they read it
They gave thee credit
For being very sulkily sublime,
But when they saw thee act the "Nightman's"
part,
And load with filthy stuff cart after cart—
That's canto after canto,
Some of the squeamish sort began to
Make up wry faces—hold their noes—start:
They, senseless noodles! fancied it was
queer,
And unbecoming thus to see a peer

Turn'd scavenger, 'mong nastiness still groping;
Thought it was vastly strange and odd
To see one who was deemed a god
In modern poetry, stoop from his high moping,
To such odd matters, and in such odd guise,
—To see the great poetical Dictator
Resign his post, and for the brothels cater:
They stared—as well they might, in their surprise,
And some stared so, they fairly op'd their eyes!

Yes, it was truly *infra dig*
In our grand Maximus Apollo
To condescend to "swig"
Mere swill, and in the mire wallow—
Aye, in the mire of the filthiest styes.
Pol quitted once, we know, the skies,
'Tended his sheep, became a swain,
But never—that is very plain
Became a swine!
Whilst thou, despite thy vapouring so fine,

And all thy pompous fuss;
Despite thy words so very big,
Wast fain thy readers to nonplus,
By turning a mere pig!
Making a hog-stye of Parnassus' hill,
Changing the streams of Castaly, to swill,
'Till they were monstrous foul to see;
And miring all who did admire thee.

Even thy *Childe* was more than a mere *Puer*:
An imp or urchin he might be,
Imp'd, as some fancied with impiety;
No "Simon Pure," certainly — no "Saint,"
Was he, but had a certain taint
That certain folks could not endure.
But when thou didst think fit that mask to drop—
T' exchange thy stock in trade,
And open a less descent shop,
Whose proper name shall not our verse degrade;

It did some consciences a little prick
To find their idol was a thing so foul
—Not half so seemly as a ghowl;
Their "young Apollo," so much like Old Nick!
Thy "Juan" play'd thee a most scurvy trick,
Work'd thee more harm than thy worst foes e'er wish'd thee,
For it fairly *dish'd thee!*
Not dish'd thee *up*, nor thy renown,
But fairly, Byron, dish'd thee *down.*
Show'd thee, to be, supremely vicious—
And still—hard case! not great, altho' flagitious!*

* The master-stroke with which Pope completes his portrait of one who was an "accomplished profligate," in a former age, is applicable enough to Lord Byron:

"He dies, sad outcast of each church and state;
And harder still, flagitious, yet not great."

That Byron had great and splendid—would it could be added, unprostituted—talents, is not to be denied. But of the elements of moral dignity and real greatness he was nearly destitute. That he was himself conscious

of this, is, in my opinion, indisputable, for that consciousness seems to have been the fatal barb that festered in his bosom. He was aware that he had passed the Rubicon: he felt that he merited the scorn of the virtuous—and, worse than all scorn, than all contempt—that he merited their pity! Sunk as he was—alien as he had shown himself from all sympathy, the prodigal might have returned. What! return a penitent!—no! rather plunge down to infamy—and into infamy he plunged "ten thousand fathom deep!" He plunged, too, with "thought premeditate;" studying how he might best disseminate among his contemporaries, and bequeath to after-generations, the pollutions of his own soul. Like an unprincipled, jaded, worn-out debauchee, he seems to have gloated over impurity, with a ghowl-like appetite for the filthiest garbage, and with a truly fiend-like exultation at finding the depravity so congenial to his taste. That he had not the slightest respect for himself, is evident; for, even the abandoned sensualist may scorn to pander to the iniquities of others, however infamous may be his own. "Faugh! an ounce of civet, good apothecary!" Let me not here be told of charity, due to the errors of one who is gone to his "great account." Why should charity be extended to a man who himself trampled upon all the charities and best affections of our nature;—to a man who incessantly laboured, not only to ridicule, but to vilify, whatever was held in reverence by the wisest and best;—to him who

was not only the wretched victim, but also the contemptible dupe of his own profligate and pernicious system. He died, and "made no sign!"—But

Non hæc jocosæ conveniunt lyræ.

It remains for me, therefore, not to apologize for what I have actually said on the subject, but to account, if I can do so, for having introduced any remarks of the kind where they are utterly at variance with the tone of every other part of the volume, which is professedly one of amusement, and, as many will think, of mere literary buffoonery. Nay, the very article to which this extraordinary note is appended, is one of the greatest extravaganzas in the whole book. The reader may, if he please, consider its appearance as the chief singularity in these sheets. To the charge of eccentricity, or inconsistency, I am ready to submit;—to the rather Hibernian inconsistency and cleverness, withal, of trying to pass off the materials for a serious philippic amidst what graver readers than I can expect to obtain would consider mere levities and puerilities. Let me, at any rate, be permitted to show that, notwithstanding I have put on a Jack-Pudding's dress, I am not, like *One*, a thorough Jack Pudding *intus et in cute*.

ADDRESS THE SECOND.

Yes, Byron! "*let the Muse be just,*"
And she will roll thee in the dust:
"Dust," do we say? Oh, lud! [mud,
She'll roll thee and thy "carcass"* in the
Thou beastly dabbler in adult'rous lust!

Love turned Jove into a swan;
But when thou'rt pleas'd to spit upon
Poor Painting, and to load it with abuse,
Thy spite turns thee into a very goose,—
Fit mate for such a gander as thy "Don!"
Thy pictures are, we grant, most loose;
Things which mere common decency would hide,
And not obtrude upon our gaze with pride.

* This is the term his lordship was wont to employ, in reference to his own body after his decease. A writer, who assumed the signature of Sydney, was excessively indignant because the "carcass" was not lodged in Westminster Abbey; but the poet himself was elevated so very far above all vulgar prejudices, that he would rather have considered it contaminated by such ostentatious mockery.

Thy pride, alas! is fairly drunk:
Such pranks thou play'st, too, poetic prince,
As must the world convince
Thy Muse is, after all, but a mere punk.
We're not, thou find'st, "My Grandmother, the British,"—
Oh, no—not we!
Our language is a little free,
And somewhat skittish;
Still won't our skittishness please thee.
A whit the better than reproof more stern,
Which Granny gave, and thou thoughtst fit to spurn.
No: there is nothing better, we rejoin,
Than paying chaps like thee in their own coin!

Come, then, since thou hast no gusto
For the grand style of painting,—
For saint-making, nor for sainting,
It is but just to
Give thee of the burlesque a touch,
That suits a taste more tasteless than aught Dutch.

And so, for making fun of us,
We'll, every one of us,
Depict thee funnily in turn,
Till thou turn tail,—
Begin to quail,
And better manners learn,
Than Painting in such fashion to assail.
Zounds! we will try thy temper,
By painting thee, thou rascal! in *distemper!*

We may be "artificial;"
But then we do not wish all
Such *naturals* to be, we vow,
Byron, as thou.
For what, pray, didst thou do, egregious flat?
Why, when pretending to be afraid of fat,*

* There was one most amiable trait in Byron's character, to which none of his biographers have done justice, although it shewed his superior judgment, no less than his exquisite taste and refined sensibility; namely, his unconquerable horror of growing fat. In fatness there is most assuredly neither poetical nor moral fitness; corpulency, or any tendency to it, being a very

And of growing obese,
Didst thou not run off, and pop thyself into
Greece?
And truly, too, thou hast a pretty conscience,
To say that we impose upon the nonsense

unseemly garb for so exceedingly *rare* and ethereal a quality as genius. We do not believe there is a single instance of a great poet, or great genius of any kind, (setting aside Gibbon,) who has been remarkably fat. Look at Dante's lank jaws, as we behold him in his portraits; or that piece of anatomy, Voltaire; or, again, that living personification of gaunt famine, Paganini; and then doubt the correctness of our theory. What was fatal to Napoleon? Not fate, but three quarters of it—fat! While he was a lean starveling, his star was in its ascendancy; but *le petit caporal* grew corpulent, and shewed, like *Falstaff*, a most wonderful "alacrity in sinking." Justly, therefore, does the poet say,

"'Twas fat, not fate, by which Napoleon fell."

Nothing can be more antipoetical, unheroic, or unsentimental, than fat. In a prize ox it is admirable; nor may it, perhaps, unqualify a man for writing a prize poem,—(poems so called, we apprehend, by the rule of contraries—they never being at all prized by the public;)

Of mankind,
When all may very plainly see,
Who are not stark blind,
That 'tis madmen like thee,
Who, in rhyme and in prose,
On mankind would impose;
And, what's no less true,
Not only on mankind, but womankind, too!

You poets, we all know, are given to bouncing;
Yet why, on painting pouncing,

but the D——s of St. ——'s would look the character of *Juliet* as well as a huge carcass of flesh would become the author of Childe Harold. It is true, Petrarch seems to have been a jolly-looking fellow, more addicted to wining than to whining; but then his passion is known to have been all sham,—frosty, metaphysical stuff, without the slightest real feeling. No doubt, a fat man may have a talent for humour,—may be a clever comic writer, or a capital punster; yet that does not invalidate our theory. There is, as every body must perceive, something particularly fatal to genius in being all fat. Yes, reader, you may laugh; but, prithee, take care that you do not "laugh and grow fat."

Shouldst thou think fit at such rate to be-
spatter it
With taunts and mocking,
So truly fibbing and so truly shocking?
We do not ask thee, faith, to flatter it,
Nor flatter us: thy incense we can spare,
As, without fibbing, we can all declare;
Being incens'd already in strange fashion,—
Incens'd *at* thee, and half unsens'd by
passion.
You bards are apt to make a monstrous fuss
About what you call genius;
But, since thou art so mightily uncivil,
We tell thee, genius like thine,
Though it may shine,
Is but a link-boy's torch,
Apt folks to scorch,— [devil.
Nay, p'rhaps a torch to light some to the

Say, Byron, doth it genius beseem
To give us of "cantharides the cream?"
That cream, at which,—as thou canst not
deny,—
Thou madst up faces so awry,

When *modest* Lewis deluged the town
With what provoked thy arch-censor frown?
Say, Byron, doth it really, thinkst thou, tend
The morals of this "canting" age to mend,
Lessons to give in caterwauling,—
In sighing and panting,
In raving and ranting,
And all *that* sort of canting?
Or to set forth in colours soul-enthralling
Such precious madams and bravos,
All deep in love, or deeper in the sulks,
That we could pick up quite as good as those
In Bedlam, Newgate, or the hulks?

As for thy paw-paw Miss Haidee,
Of paupers just the like of "*she*"
We have already quite enow
Ourselves at home.
No, faith! we can't allow
Such hussies here to come.
If she must roam,
Let it be to Rome's pope,

For absolution; or 't may be as well
At once to tie her to a rope,—
No better treatment, sure, for such a belle.
Since thou hast thought fit to deride us,
We will abide neither her, nor thy "Bride of Abydos."
By thy scoffs and thy derision,
Dost mean to make us mad? [bad;
Thy "Vision of Judgment" was monstrously
Nor could we tell what all that fudge meant,
But there was much worse judgment
In thy vision.
Aye, there is such obliquity in thy "*glims*,"
That we will tear out them, and tear thy limbs,
Traitor disloyal!
For hast thou not, in thy mad whims,
To tatters torn poor Painting and her *members?*
Aye, Members of the Academy hight Royal!
Mind! thou art walking now on embers,
As Horace says,
So mind thy ways:

Our fire will prove for all thy fume a match.
Yes; let us but just catch
Thy shameless Muse, and we so well will shake her,
That, *drab* as she now is, she'll soon turn quaker.
Thee, too, we will "transform," thou piece of "deformity,"
In return for the enormity
Of rudely trampling all us painters down.
Are we to be made the scorn of the whole town
By thy effront'ry?
Of the whole town?—Nay, of the whole country!

'Thas oft been said,
Thou hast the cloven foot display'd;
Yet now thou hast convinc'd us of the fact,
That, as thy foot is cloven, so thy head is *crack'd.*
And now, for all thy scurvy tricks,
We'll maul thee well with our "maul-sticks."

Even the grinders of our colours
Shall grin, and grind thee with their "mullers;"
And thou'lt find they have some skill in
That very pretty sort of "milling."
Then, sure, more mealy-mouth'd thou wilt be found,
When once properly thou'rt ground.
Aye, and we will have thy head,
And, what is more, before thou'rt dead.
We'll take it, in spite of thy squalling,
And paint it "Kit-Cat,"—
No size better than that
For a bard given to caterwauling.
Thou, a bard!—Thou, a lord!
Thou art more like a board,*
And hast bor'd us all past all bearing;
Hast pierced with scandal,
Fit but for a Vandal
Who would all the arts be uptearing.

"*My soul is dark!*"
Aye, well mayst thou make that remark.

* Quære—BAWD.—*Printer's Imp.*

Thy soul must be quite blind,
If so be it cannot find
The beauties of our pictures out:
Beauties, thou envious lout,
That strike our critics fairly dumb,—
Nay, their very pens benumb;
So that they're unable to express
What they admire, and leave the world—
to guess.
Say, is thy soul so dark, it cannot see
The brightness of Sir Martin Shee?
"*She walks in beauty*,"—that was said
Even by thee.
And so Shee did; but now,
We are most terribly afraid,
Shee looks as dismal as the rest
Of our fraternity,—not in beauty dress'd,
But wandering, grunting like a crazed sow;
His honours sadly cropp'd and blighted
By thy foul tongue; himself be-knighted,—
"Shorn of his *beams*," like an old house,
Whose timbers have all plump'd down *souse*.
People sneer at us as we pass along;
Pictures are sold for less than an old song.

The brutes despise the grand and the ideal,
And have no taste for aught except the real:
Thus are we forc'd to paint the phizzes
Of barbarous quizzes,
Or of little masters and misses,
Perch'd among clouds, or snugly caged in arbours.
No wonder, therefore, we are vext;
For, if things go on thus, why, next
We shall be forc'd to paint,—
The idea makes us faint,—
Not only barbarians, but barbers.
Nay,—as misfortunes never come by halves,
We shall, in brief,
To our disgrace, be forced to paint beef;
Plates, too, of nuts and tempting apples full,
To please John Bull,
And all his numerous calves!
From painters of *wonders* we all shall turn soon [moon;
Mere painters of *signs*, of sun, stars, and
Else painters of sterile, dry,
Whimsical heraldry,—

Stuff that our wits will put quite out of tune.
Or are we, like thee, to complete our disgrace,
By painting what well may be call'd *thorough base?*

Now "*Fare thee well! and ever for ever!*"
Why, then, good-bye, my Don so clever!
We can't say, Don so civil.
We'll "*bear thy loss with scarce a sigh:*"
Depend upon't, we shall not snivel;
Because, sooner than cry,
Or for thee wet an eye,
We would cry out, "Bravo!" to the Devil!

NOTE FROM CHRISTOPHER CRAB, ESQ.

MY DEAR ☨,

For the "Addresses," you have my hearty *imprimatur*. To be sure, they exhibit a most palpable blunder of one kind,—most egregious anachronisms. Never mind; let that pass, and leave the Feeblewits to comment thereon with self-complacent dulness. There is an old proverb, too, touching the "dead lion," and a very different animal, which you must expect to have applied to you. Still, I say, never mind. Without any compliment whatever to yourself, I assert, there are one or two pretty hard and smart hits in the production. Thanks to the tergiversation of Byron, you found them ready-made to your hands. Than the author of the "English Bards," no one ever made a severer lash for the writer of Don Juan; a work which certainly displays a perfect knowledge of the "world," combined with consummate ignorance of human nature. Undoubtedly, there are books more grossly sensual, yet few so studiedly immoral,—so recklessly profligate in principle. Because hypocrisy is merely the *simulacrum* of virtue, Byron seems very sillily to have laid it down as a maxim to himself, that virtue itself is nothing but sheer hypocrisy.

"Sydney's" attempt to whitewash the noble bard, to which you have alluded, was but a sorry piece of drivelling. Human charity has and ought to have bounds;

otherwise it might in time induce us to canonize Judas himself. It appears moreover to me, that there is quite as much cant and hypocrisy in regard to "charity" and "liberality," as any thing else. For my own part, I make no pretension to such excessive liberality,—to the charity which feels only for the hardened offender, while it stigmatizes him who turns from errors as an inconsistent character—as a mean-spirited apostate.

Your more crabbedly than ever,

C. ☙

Sept. 25, 1834.

THE TOWN CHILD AND THE COUNTRY CHILD.

DEDICATED TO ALLAN CUNNINGHAM, ESQ.

Poor Child of the Town, prithee do not believe
All the nonsense friend Cunningham writes,
Thy innocent mind of content to bereave,
While with his strange lore he affrights.

Oh trust not his verse, when the country he paints
As a sphere where each one happy fares,
And pictures its clowns as poetical saints,
Who partake not of our dull cares.

Nor think, too, in spite of this mischievous bard,
At your lot that you ought to repine,
—That your case is most luckless—your destiny hard
Which could to a town you confine.

Though "gilded your roof," an impertinent quiz,
Such untruths how dares he to tell,
With so solemn and grave sanctimonious a phiz!—
Your ill fate may be borne very well.

Go, ask him, I pray, on what subjects converse
His bepraised intellectual race! [terse,
—On horses and hay—not in language most
On pigs—tythes—the parish—the chace.

Say, is it worth while the gay town to forego
To listen to gabble like this?
Or are we to fancy our doom's full of woe
'Cause not fraught with such exquisite bliss?

Go, Child of the Town, tell the rhymer he raves,
As rhymers, alas! are too wont;
That he'd better cease singing such pitiful staves,
For that mind him you certainly dont.

Will roaming o'er field, or jumping o'er ditch,
Your mind or your morals improve?
What is there in pastime like that to bewitch,
And tempt you from learning—to rove?

Is plucking of daisies, when you should be culling
The flowers from classic Parnass,
So fraught with enjoyment that you should be sullen
Since in such sports your days may not [pass?

I grant that "no strawberries you tread with your feet,"
'Lack-a-daisy! how hard is your fate,
For strawberries, 'tis certain, don't grow in the street,
Yet you eat them off gay china plate.

Deems the bard that we mortals have nothing to do,
For no other employment are meant,
Than for gazing on skies that, unclouded, are blue?
—That life should in dreaming be spent?

Oh silly—as silly as he who can scrawl
Such terribly mischievous stuff!
If you think, pretty dears, that of happiness all
Is confined to the country—enough!

Bid him tell you what poets would do, were it not
For the so-much-abused poor town,
Where they retail their wares and the stock they have got,
And pick up both cash and renown.

Above all, pray advise him to alter his name,
When at such rate you he'd be funning,
For tho' he may serve you for monstrous good *game*,
You now find he 's not over Cunning.*

* Without being silly, Mr. Allan Cunningham is frequently wont to employ what he himself would term a "colouring" of silliness. When, *exempli gratiâ*, he contented himself with observing that the more than *rosy*, the red-hot lubricous effusions of Tom Little, have "a colouring" of licentiousness in them, he shewed himself to be most *stipsloppish*.

MY LAST PIECE.

ADDRESSED TO MR. COTTRELL, THE *Last Man*, OF HOLBORN HILL.

LIST! dealer in lasts!—I apply now to you
To help me this very last piece to get through.
Come, good Mister Cottrell, my worthy old cock,
Pray, just look about,—rummage over your stock;
And see whether, 'mong all your lasts, you have got
The very last novel, without e'er a plot.
Have you any last speeches, now, all ready cut
And dried,—fit for one to his last, shift who's put?
Or Howitt's "Last Swallow,"—a sweet pretty bit,
Which I now for swallowing am just in the fit?

Else, perhaps, you may find, if you carefully seek,
" Last Year," Mr. Cottrell, or surely " Last Week."
Or the last piece of humbug, or last piece of fudge;
Or Campbell's " Last Man :" yet you, p'rhaps, some grudge
Bear him, as a rival in trade, and don't care
To give him in the honour of " last" the least share.
Have you any " Last Minstrels," then?—or the " Last Days
Of Pompeii," by Bulwer?—or, come, any ways,
Send me home a good *last*—not of hay, but of bays.
In such case I should say, " Dr. Last" you outdo, [riot," too.
And, like him, ought to ride in your " cha-
Pray take care that they be of the true lasting kind,— [twined.
Bays worthy around such a brow to be

But, come, here is one happy last, I'll
engage;
Aye, happy for all, since it is my *last page*.
Yes, my very last page; and, what's more,
my last pun,
Although it may not be my best bit of fun.
For, lo! I have reached what I may call truly
Rerum ultima linea—Ultima Thule.
And now what the reader will say, I opine, is,
That, of all I have written, the very best line is
My last, since it brings us to what really—

FINIS.

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